APPLES OF GOLD

No. 2

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

BY J. F. KINSEY AND JOHN McPHERSON

PUBLISHED BY THE ECHO MUSIC CO.
LAFAYETTE, IND.

2

Apples of Gold No. 2.

—A COLLECTION OF—

Choice New Songs and Favorite Hymns

FOR USE IN THE

SUNDAY * SCHOOL

AND THE

VARIOUS SERVICES OF THE CHURCH.

—BY—

J. F. KINSEY and JOHN McPHERSON,

Authors of various popular books for the Church, Sunday-school and Class.

Price per dozen, by express, not prepaid, $3.60; per hundred, by express, not prepaid, $30.00.
Single copy, by mail, 35 cents.

THE ECHO MUSIC COMPANY, PUBLISHERS,

LAFAYETTE, INDIANA.

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PREFACE.

WITHIN the past few years so many new books have been issued, all of which in the language of their respective publishers are "the best," that the singing public have almost become bewildered, as it were, and have found it a hard matter to discriminate and select a book best adapted to the particular needs of this or that city, school or community.

In presenting *Apples of Gold No. 2*, we will not say that it is "the best," but only desire to call attention to certain points to be considered in the selection of a new book, and will then leave it to stand upon its own merits, when placed in the hands of a discriminating public.

FIRST--The mechanical make-up is most attractive, the paper clean and white, press-work black and sharp, type large and clear, and the binding especially strong and substantial; the latter, a most important feature in books af this kind.

SECOND—Liberal *cash prizes* were offered for the four best and most pleasing Sunday-school songs, for use in this book, and as a consequence over *fifty* compositions were submitted, all of them *especially* written, and every one a *prize* piece, but in accordance with the offer, only four could win, but nearly all appear in the book.

THIRD—The authors are numbered among the most prolific and successful writers of sacred song in the country, their combined works having reached an aggregate sale of about *one million copies; Apples of Gold No. 1*, alone reaching a sale of nearly *one hundred thousand.*

FOURTH.—Aside from the abundance of fresh music contained in this new book, many of the old standard hymns and tunes, ever popular in Christian Endeavor Societies, Prayer Meetings, and all other religious gatherings of the church, have been given a liberal representation. Also a number of hymns, old and new, have been arranged for male voices, for the use of Y. M. C. A. Meetings, Conventions, Etc., which we believe will be a valuable feature.

FIFTH.—*Apples of Gold No. 2* contains a rich supply of new music for all special occasions; not a single want has been left unsupplied.

Taken all in all, it is the belief of the authors that this book will come nearer meeting all the requirements of the hour, than any other of its kind yet published.

THE ECHO MUSIC COMPANY.

TELL THE STORY.

MELVILLE WINANS MILLER. J. F. KINSEY.

1. Tell the sto - ry of the Sav - ior, Tell the sto - ry of His love;
2. Tell the sto - ry to thy broth-er, Tell it o'er and o'er a - gain;
3. Tell the sto - ry of His pas - sion, How He suf-fered on the tree;
4. Tell the sweet and pre-cious sto - ry, To a world enslaved in sin;

How He came and died for sin - ners, Died that they might live a - bove.
Je - sus gave His life a ran - som For the help-less sons of men.
How He came to bring de - liv - 'rance, And to set the cap - tive free.
Je - sus came to bring sal - va - tion And to reign Him - self with - in.

CHORUS.

Tell the sto - - ry of His glo - ry, Tell the sto - ry of His love;
Tell the story of His glory, Tell the story of His love

How He died, . . . that we might ev - - er Live in realms of light a-bove.
How He died that we might ev-er Live in realms of light a - bove, a-bove.

SING TO ME OF GLORY.

HAZEL HURST. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. Sing to me of the bet - ter land, When life is heav - y with woe,
2. Sing to me of the glo - ries there, When days are gloomy and long,
3. Sing to me of the joys at last, When I am called to de - part,

Song will cheer me as nothing else can As on to glo-ry I go.
Tell me oft of the home I shall share, A pal - ace happy with song.
Let me lin - ger no more on the past, Sweet song will cheer ev - ry heart.

CHORUS.

Sing! sing! sing! sing!
Song al-ways cheers us as noth-ing else can, As I trav - el on to that

Sing! sing! sing! sing!
land of sweet song, Yes, song makes us hap - py light - hearted and free,

And life will glide sweet - ly and swift - ly a - long!

KEEP IN THE LOVE.

J. M. J. F. KINSEY.

1. The shades are falling, the night is at hand, Keep in the love of the Lord,
2. When days are dreary and loved ones for-sake, Keep in the love of the Lord,
3. The parting time gives us sorrow and pain, Keep in the love of the Lord,

In Him keep trusting, He'll help you to stand, Keep in the love of the Lord.
And home is cheer - less and wealth wings will take, Keep in the love of the Lord.
Thro' Him a - lone we will all meet a - gain, Keep in the love of the Lord.

CHORUS.

Keep in the love, (yes) keep in the love, Keep in the love of the Lord;

Rit - - - - - -

In the love of the Lord there is great reward, Keep in the love of the Lord.

Oh, Come to my Heart, Lord Jesus.

E. K. H. E. K. Heyser.

1. Thou didst leave Thy throne and Thy kingly crown, When Thou camest to earth for me,
2. Heaven's arches rang when the angel's sang, Of Thy birth and Thy roy-al de-cree,
3. Fox-es found their rest, and the birds their nest, In the shade of the cedar tree,

But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room For Thy ho-ly na-tiv-i-ty;
But in low-ly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in greatest humil-i-ty;
But Thy couch was the sod, O, Thou Son of God, In the des-ert of Gal-i-lee:

CHORUS.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je-sus, There is room in my heart for Thee,
come for Thee.

Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je-sus, There is room in my heart for Thee.
Jesus come,

4. Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing,
At Thy coming to victory;
Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet there is room,
There is room at my side for Thee."

Come to Jesus Now.

J. S. G. J. S. Galliet.

1. Come to Je-sus, sin-ful one; Come - - just now!
2. He is pleading now with thee; Come to Je-sus now! Come to Je-sus now!
3. Come to Him no long-er stray;
4. Come to Him thy sins con - fess;

Come to Je-sus Christ the Son; Come - - just now!
Come, O come, and thou'lt be free; Come to Je-sus now! Come to Je-sus now!
All thy sins He'll wash a - way;
Thee He'll pardon, thee He'll bless;

He is call - ing thee to - day, Come just now, that call o - bey;
Dost thou hear that lov - ing voice? Wouldst thou ev - er more re - joice?
Come just now, thou shouldst not wait, Do not long - er hes - i - tate;
And at last when life is o'er, Thou wilt reach that gold-en shore,

Come O come without de-lay; Come - - just now!
O then come, make Him thy choice; Come to Je-sus now! Come to Jesus now!
Come O come, ere 'tis to late;
There to dwell for - ev - er more;

Sing His Glory.

G. E. M. G. E. Mosley.

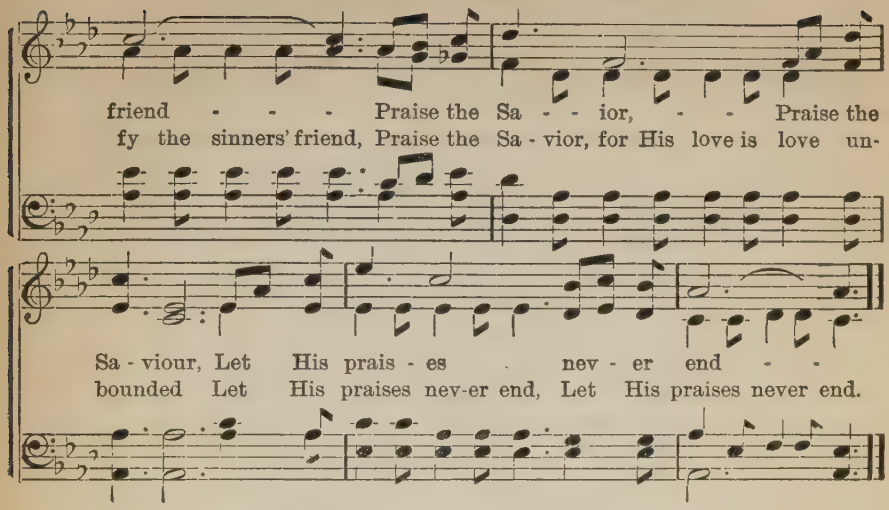
1. Glo - ry, glo-ry, ev - er last-ing, Be to Him who bore the cross,
2. Je - sus love is love un-founded, Without measure without end,
3. While we hear the wondrous sto - ry, Of the Savior's cross and shame,

Who re - deemed our souls by tast - ing death, The
Hu - man thought is here con - found-ed 'Tis too
Sing we ev - er - last - ing glo - ry Be to

CHORUS.

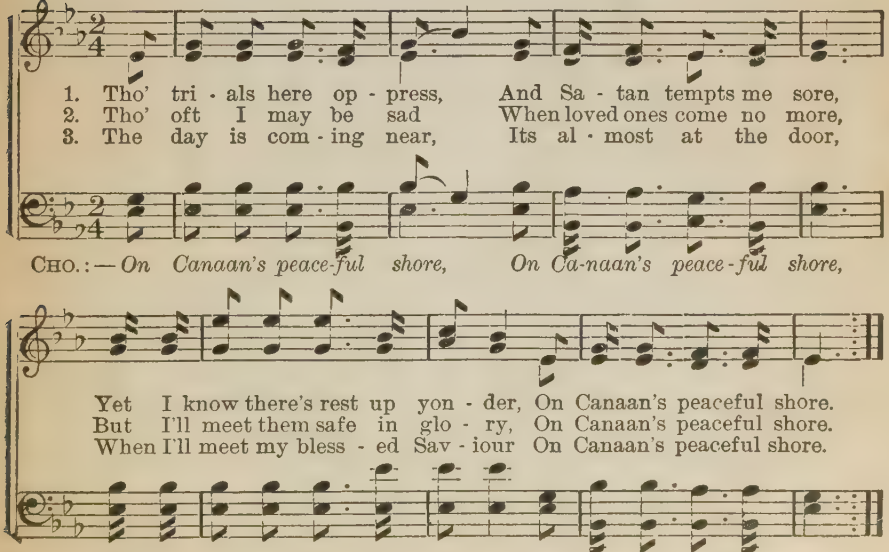
death de-served by us. Sing His glo - ry, sing His
vast to com-pre-hend. Sing His glo-ry, sing His glo-ry,
God and to the Lamb.

glo-ry Mag - ni - fy - - - the sin - ners'
Mag - ni - fy the sin - ners' friend, Mag - ni -



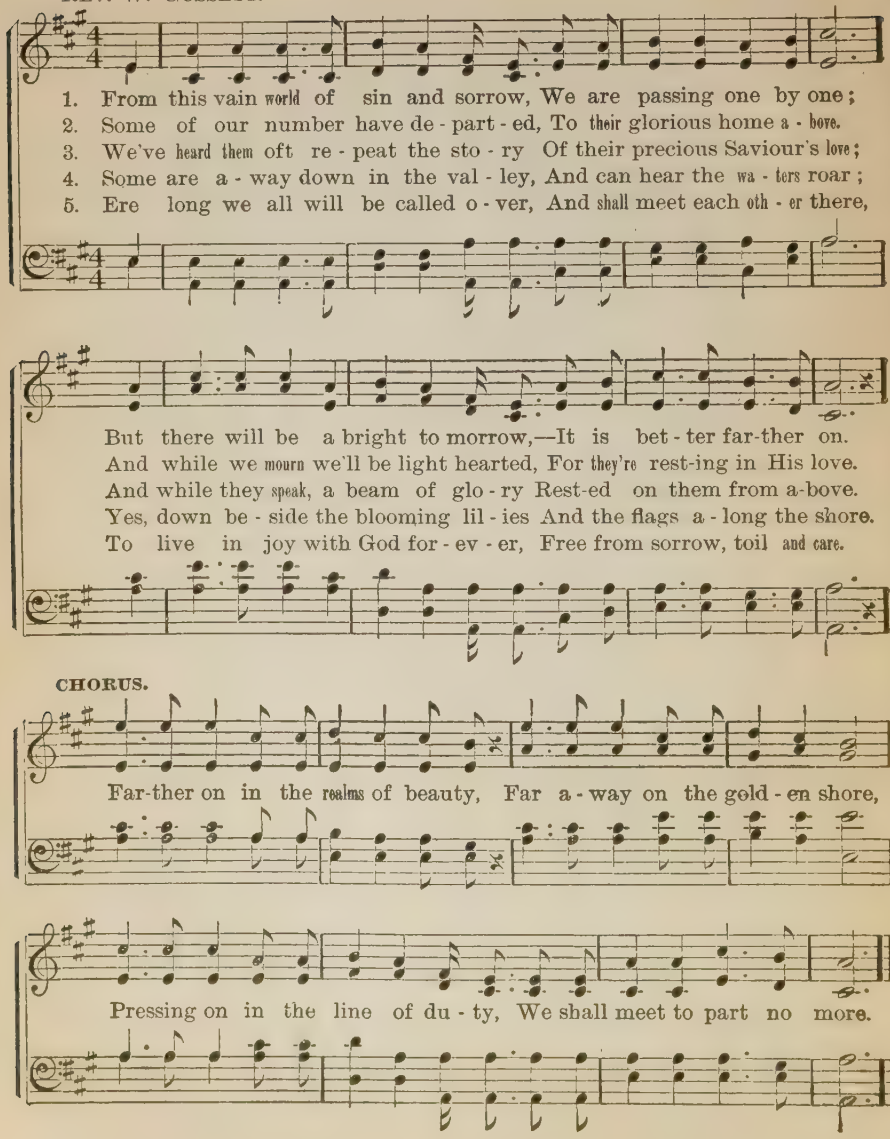
CANAAN'S PEACEFUL SHORE.

J. M J. M.



REALMS OF BEAUTY.

REV. W. GOSSETT. E. T. RINEHART.



WE COME TO THEE.

KATE GREGORY. MARY C. PAVEY.

1. We come to Thee oh Fa - ther In the ear - ly morning light,
2. Our hearts are filled with glad-ness What can we bring Thee more?
3. And when the twi - light gath - ers, And the shades of night ap - pear,

When the shadows have de - parted, And the world seems fair and bright
It seems the songs of an - gels Re sound from Heaven's shore,
How glad - ly we re- member That Thou art al - ways near,

Re - freshed by hours of slum - ber While Thy an - gels watched a - bove
And as the hours are pass - ing When the noon-day sun doth shine,
And as the si - lent night steals on When the world is fast a - sleep,

We bring our songs of prais - es, For all Thy ten - der love.
'Tis bliss to feel a - round us, Thy bless - ed arms en - twine.
We trust in Thee be - liev-ing, That Thou wilt guard Thy sheep.

SEND THE LIGHT.

(A MISSION SONG.)

WM. M. BELL, D. D. J. F. KINSEY.

Con Spirito.

1. See the waves that bathe the shores, Re-flect - ing light the sun out-pours;
2. Lands long dark by Sa - tan's night, Sad - ly a-wait the com - ing light;
3. Life of pur - i - ty and grace, The im - age of a Sav - ior's face,
4. Long the light have we withheld, Although we could their night dis - pell;

In all lands be - neath the sun, The reign of day is now be - gun.
Millions sink in dead-ly dread, No pil - low sure for dy - ing head.
Can il - lu - mi - nate the gloom, Of mil-lions marching to the tomb.
Speed the day, the glo - rious day, Thro' Christ, the Light, the Truth, the Way.

CHORUS. **Very spirited.**

Send the light, O send it on, 'Till all lands take up the song,

All the suff ring where they fall, Hear, O hear their pleading call.

MARCHING ONWARD.

KATE GREGORY.

MARY C. PAVEY.
Arr. by J. F. K.

Boldly.

1. Help us sing the songs of tri - - umph, As we are march - ing here be - low,
2. We know while march - ing on - - ward, Our Sav - iour watch - es from a - bove,
3. May His ban - ner wave above us, And nev - er fail our watch - ward be,

Let the whole world know our glad - ness, As we re - joic - ing go.
Let us choose the high - est stand - ard Of our Re - deem-er's love.
Know - ing He will al - ways love us, From sin will make us free.

CHORUS.

Marching on - - ward, marching on - - ward, Let His ban - ner o'er us wave, (o'er us wave).
Marching on - ward, Marching on - ward,

Look - ing up - - ward, look - ing up - - - ward, we will trust His power to save, (power to save).

Look - ing up - ward, look - ing up - ward,

As we Gather.

J. M. JOHN McPHERSON.

1. As we gath-er here this Lord's Day, To en - gage in prayer and song,
2. As we stud - y the sweet mes-sage Of Thy great sal - va - tion free,
4. Be with us a - long life's journey, Till we pass be - yond the wave.

Be thou near us, own and cheer us, Keep us that we do no harm.
Wis-dom give us, and re - ceive us, When we turn our hearts to Thee.
Guide, pro - tect us, sin doth vex us, Oh thou might-y one to save.

CHORUS.

As we gath - er here this morn - ing, In Thy earth -ly courts be - low,
As we gather here this morning

Pardon give us and re-ceive us Where the qui -et wa-ters flow,
qui-et wat-ers flow,

THE OPEN GATE.

R. L. HARRIS. DR. E. T. RINEHART, by per.

1. My Sav - iour sought me while in sin As I wan - dered from His fold,
2. He took my feet from miry clay, Put them on a sol - id place;
3. He found me hope - less, help - less, lost! In the gloom of sins dark night:

D. C.—Oh, help me praise the name I love, And sing it from shore to shore;

FINE.

He found me helpless and took me in, And sheltered me from the cold.
And now I sing from day to day, Of His wonder - ful sav - ing grace.
He sought me out at a fear - ful cost, And brought me to the light.

And then we'll join the glad choir a - bove, And sing it for - ev - er - more

He took my rags of sin a - way And cloth'd me in gar - ments bright,
I'm glad to sing the song I love— I'll sing it from shore to shore,
He led me back, the nar-row way, The way that leads me to God;

D. C. chorus.

He leads me on - ward day by day, To the end - less plains of light.
And then I'll join the choir a - bove, And sing it for - ev - er more.
He wash'd my sins and filth a - way, In His pre - cious cleans - ing blood.

THAT BEAUTIFUL HOME.

C. W. B. C. W. BENNETT.

Slow and feelingly. Soprano Solo or Quartett.

1. O, sinner why will you not hasten to come? Prepare for that beauti-ful home;
2. This world is a school - room to lead you to God; And Je-sus has pointed the road;
3. This life is so fleet-ing, so false and so vain, So full of all sorrow and pain;

Where loved ones are waiting and watch-ing for you, And Je - sus is call-ing you too.
And christians will aid you to walk in the way, O will you not join us to - day?
While heaven is last-ing and joy-ful and fair! Oh come and go with us up there!

CHORUS.

In heaven a - bove, all beam-ing with love, Your dear ones are wait-ing for you;

And Je - sus is call - ing!—Oh will you not come?

To dwell in that beau - ti - ful home!
that beau - ti - full home!

GLORY! GLORY!

Fine.

1. { Now I feel the sa - cred fire, Kindling, flam-ing, glow - ing,
High-er still, and ris - ing high-er, All my soul o'er - flow - ing; }

2. { Now I am from bondage freed, Ev - 'ry bond is riv - en;
Je - sus makes me free in - deed, Just as free as heav - en; }

D. C.—*I was dead, but now I live, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!*
I was bound, but now I'm free, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

D. C.

Life im - mor - tal I re - ceive,—Oh, the wondrous sto - ry!
'Tis a glo - rious lib - er - ty,— Oh, the wondrous sto - ry!

3. Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation:
Witnessing from soul to soul
This immense salvation,
Now I know its full and free—
Oh the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4. Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us.
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
Glory! glory! glory!

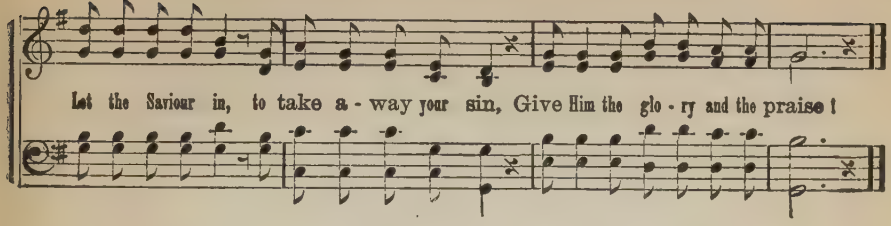
GIVE HIM THE GLORY.

E. T. R. DR. E. T. RINEHART.

1. Come to Je - sus now and en - ter in - to rest, Give Him the glo - ry and the praise, A feast for all is spread and you may be His guest, Give Him the glo - ry and the praise.
2. Cleanse me thro' and thro' O thou the precious Lamb, Give Him the glo - ry and the praise, Tho' storm - y clouds may roll, He holds me in His hand, Give Him the glo - ry and the praise.
3. Com - ing to thee now my heart with love a - glow, Give Him the glo - ry and the praise, Now fill me with Thy - self, I'll doubt Thee nev - er more, Give Him the glo - ry and the praise.
4. Look - ing to the cross where Je - sus died for me, Give Him the glo - ry and the praise, By faith the blood's ap - plied, from sin I am set free, Give Him the glo - ry and the praise.
5. Tell to all the world of Je - sus' pow'r to save, Give Him the glo - ry and the praise, Then let His glo - ry roll— a might - y cleans - ing wave— Give Him the glo - ry and the praise.

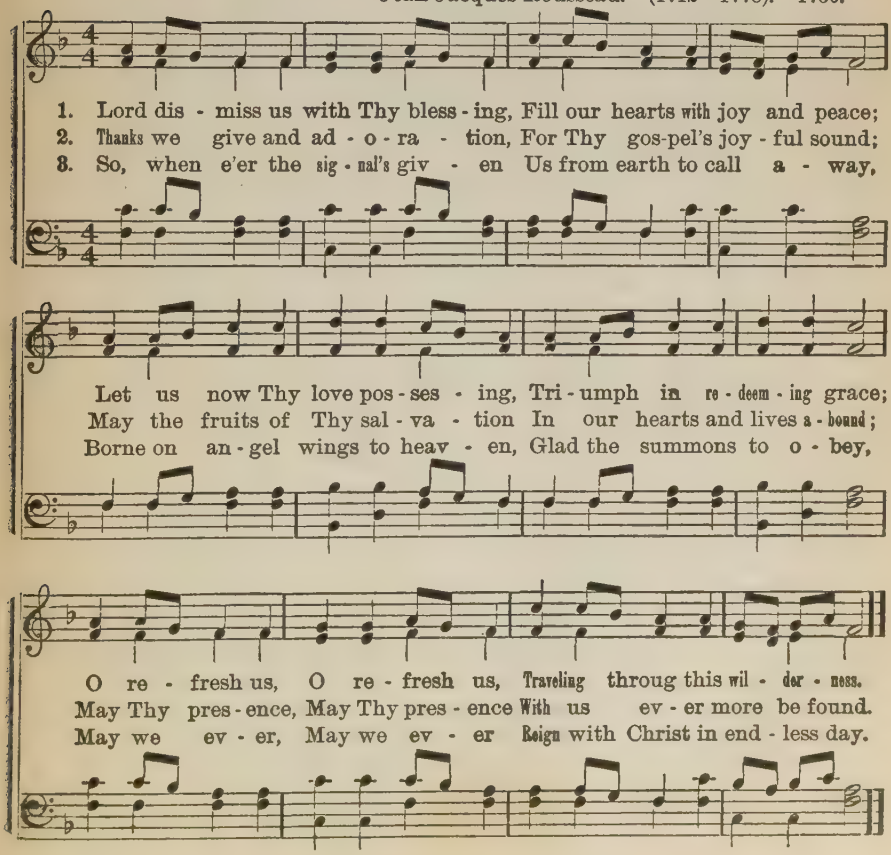
CHORUS.

Give Him the glo - ry! Give Him the glo - ry! Give Him the glo - ry and the praise! Oh!



LORD, DISMISS US. 8s & 7s, 6 LINES.

Jean Jacques Rousseau. (1712—1778). 1750.



LITTLE HANDS.

Suffer the little ones Mark, 10, 14.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

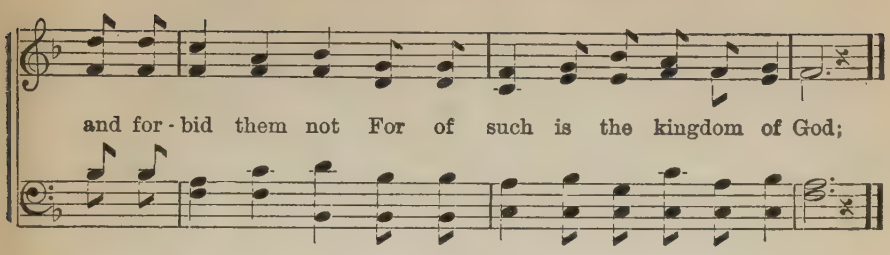
1. Lit - tle hands may do the bid - ding of the King, Lit - tle tongues may praise Him
2. Lit - tle hearts may love the one who died for all, Lit - tle knees may bow when
3. Lit - tle ears may hear Thy pleading voice, O Lord, Lit - tle minds may grasp the

in the songs they sing, Little feet may go in paths that lead a - right,
eve-ning shad-ows fall, Little lips con - fess the blood that makes us free,
meaning of Thy word, Little souls be saved to reign with Him on high,

CHORUS.

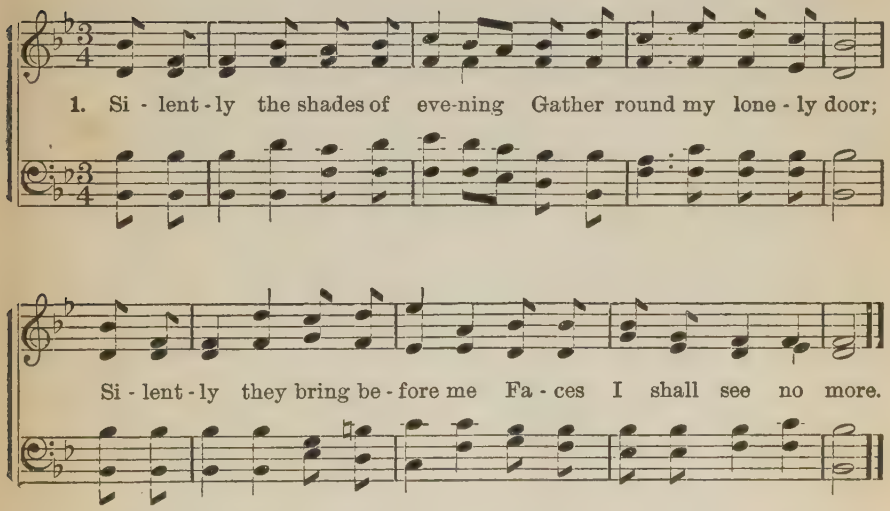
Lit - tle eyes may see the way of peace and light.
Children will be wel-come in e - tern - i - ty. Let them come to me and for-
When they leave this world for man-sions in the sky.

bid them not, for - bid them not, O hear him say, Let them come to me



EVENING SHADES. 8s & 7s.

D. A. JONES.



2. O, the lost, the unforgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
O, the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.

3. Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They unlinked with earthly trouble,
We still hoping for its end.

4. How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair haven
We may hope to gain at last.

THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

J. F. KINSEY.

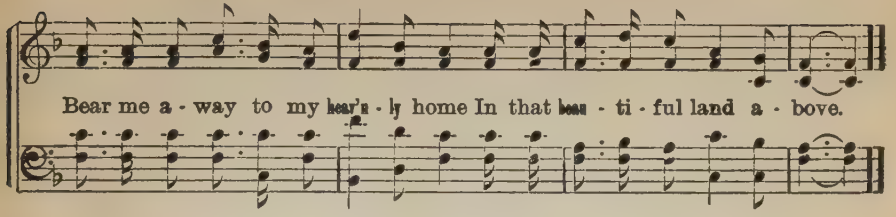
Duet Sop. and Alto.

1. There is a land of light and bliss, A land of joy and love, - - -
2. Green are the fields in that beautiful land, They fade not day by day, - - -
3. Pure is the streams in our hear'n - ly home, And gently its wa - ters glide, - -

Where glo - ry ex - cels all lands like this, Our beau - ti - ful home a - bove, - -
Kept by the power of God's right hand, Their ver - dure shall nev - er de - cay. - -
'Tis flow-ing from under the great white throne, All na - tions new life to pro - vide. - -

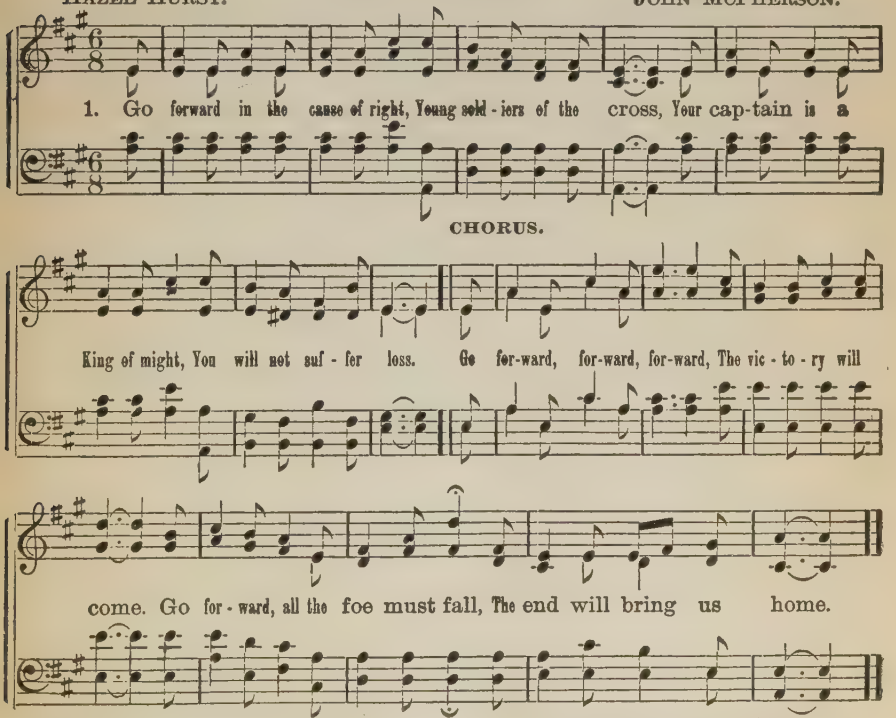
CHORUS.

O bear me a - way, bear me a - way, An - gel band of love - - -



GO FORWARD.

HAZEL HURST. JOHN MCPHERSON.



2. Go forward, be a soldier true,
And faint not by the way,
The harvest field doth call for you,
Move out without delay.

3. Go forward, souls are dying now,
Give them the bread of life,
Go cool the head or aching brow,
Tho' bitter be the strife.

4. Go forward, soon the night will fall
Your working days be o'er,
Then heed the Shephard's earnest call,
And tarry here no more.

PRAISE HIM ALWAY.

ROBERT MORRIS. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. Praise Him in the morn - ing, Praise Him all the day,
2. Praise Him when in sad - ness, Praise Him when in pain,
3. Praise Him while you're work - ing, Praise Him when at rest,
4. Give to God the glo - ry, Bless - ing us each day,

Praise Him in the night time, for sins washed a - way, Bless-ings all a-round me,
Praise Him for di - vine love, that we crowns may gain, Living ev - er faithful,
Praise Him all your life-time, for you're ev - er blest, Praise for life e - ter - nal,
Live in per - fect du - ty, praise His name for aye, And when life in end-ed,

O break forth and sing, Ev - er laud the praises of our Lord and King.
'till you reach that shore, There to live with Je - sus and sing ev - er-more.
promised in His word, O how glad I am to serve and praise the Lord.
toil and care is done, May we sing in glo-ry, our e - ter - nal home.

CHORUS.

Bless the Lord, O my soul For He
Ev -'ry day, praise His name,

giv-eth bless-ing free, ev - 'ry day to you and me, Bless the

Lord, O my soul, Here and in e - tern - i - ty!
Bless the Lord, O my soul,

SAFE FROM EVERY HARM.

HAVERGAL.

1. Preserved by Thine al - might-y arm, I passed the shades of night;
2. While ma - ny spent the night in sighs, And rest-less pains and woes,
3. Oh, let the same al - mighty care My wak - ing hours at - tend,

Se - rene and safe from ev - 'ry harm, And see re - turn - ing light.
In gen - tle sleep I closed my eyes, And un - dis-turbed re - pose.
From ev - 'ry dang - er, ev - 'ry snare, My heed-less steps de - fend.

Closer, Lord, to Thee.

C. W. B. C. W. Bennett.

Fine.

1. Closer, Lord, to Thee I cling, Clos - er Lord to Thee;
Safe be-neath Thy shelt'-ring wing, - - - I would ev - er be;
Help me, Lord, the bat-tle win— - - Clos - er Lord to Thee!

2. Closer yet, O Lord my rock, Ref - uge of my soul;
Dread I not the temp-pest shock, - - - Tho' the bil - lows roll;
Leaning on Thy lov-ing arm— - - - Clos - er Lord to Thee!

3. Closer still my help my stay, Clos - er, clos - er still;
Meekly there I learn to say, - - - "Father, not my will;"
Love di-rects Thy hands and power— Clos - er Lord to Thee!

D. C.

Rude the blast of doubt and sin, Fierce assaults with - out with - in;
Wild - est storm can-not a - larm, For to me can come no harm;

Learn that in af - flic - tion's hour, When the clouds of sor - row lour,

J. F. KINSEY.

Joyfully.

1. An - gel voices sweetly s inging, Echoes through the blue dome ring - ing,
2. What a city! What a glo - ry! Far be - yond the bright - est sto - ry
3. Now at length the veil is rend - ed, Now the pil - grim - age is end - ed,
4. Brok - en death's dread bands that bound us, Life and vic - to - ry a - round us;

CHORUS.

News of wond - 'rous glad - ness bring - ing: Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
Of the ag - es old and hoa - ry; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last! Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
And the saints their thrones ascend - ed; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
Christ the King Him - self hath crowned us; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!

Ah, 'tis heav'n at last, Praises to the lamb we render, Ah, 'tis heav'n at last.

The above hymn was sung at the devotional service conducted in Chalmers Memorial church, Edinburg, of which Dr. Bonar was the first pastor, and also at the funeral service.

THE SECRET OF THE LORD.

REV. E. M. MURRILL. JOHN McPHERSON.

1. I've a se - cret in my heart, Sweet to me, (sweet to me,) If I could I would im - part It to thee, (it to thee) But this precious truth di - vine, That the Sa - viour now is mine,
2. When I sought this precious grace Promised me, (prom-ised me,) And looked up in - to His face Trust - ing - ly; (trust - ing - ly) He then took a - way my grief, And He gave me sweet re - lief,
3. He has cleansed my heart from sin, In His blood, (in His blood,) And He now a - bides with - in; Praise the Lord, (praise the Lord) He's my com-fort and my light, Shin - ing beau - ti - ful and bright,
4. O the rich-ness of His grace, Full and free, (full and free,) That is beaming from His face Comes to me! (comes to me) Like the sun that shines a - bove, Fill - ing all my heart with love,

Ev - er in my heart doth shine, Clear to me. (clear to me.)
In a time so ver - y brief—In - stant - ly. (in - stant - ly.)
He's my song by day and night Praise the Lord! (praise the Lord!)
Blessed spir - it heav'n - ly dove, Praise to Thee! (praise the Thee!)

CHORUS.

I am free from ev - 'ry fear, And my Sa - vior's voice I hear Tell - ing

of His love so dear, In His word, 'Tis the year of Ju - bi - lee, And my

glad heart now is free, With a conscious lib-er - ty Praise the Lord, (praise the Lord.)

FAITHFUL TO MY TRUST.

M. B. LOURY. J. H. KISSINGER.

1. Now this ques - tion comes be - fore me, As I think of moments flown;
2. Have I in the san - dy des - ert, Found the sheep that were a - stray;
3. To the sad and sor - row strich - en, Have I spo - ken words of cheer?
4. God to me my work has giv - en, I must do it day by day,

Shall I reap a gold - en har - vest from the scat - ter'd seed I've sown;
Did I tell them of the Shepherd, Did I try to lead the way;
To the faint - ing, weak and wea - ry, Have I made their path seem clear?
O, I need a strength from Heav - en! For it Fath - er, now I pray!

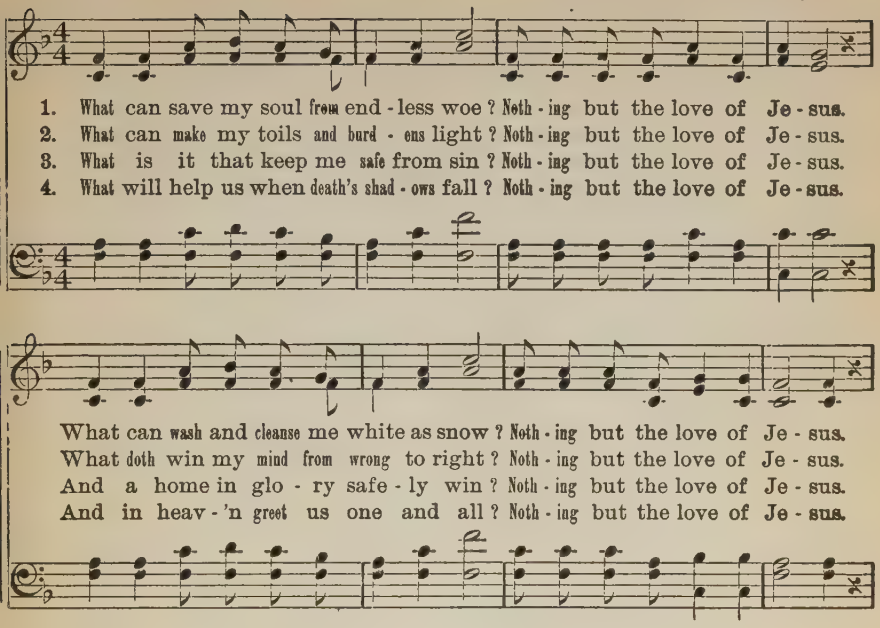
CHORUS.

To my trust may I be faith - ful, Fath - er this is my heart's plea;

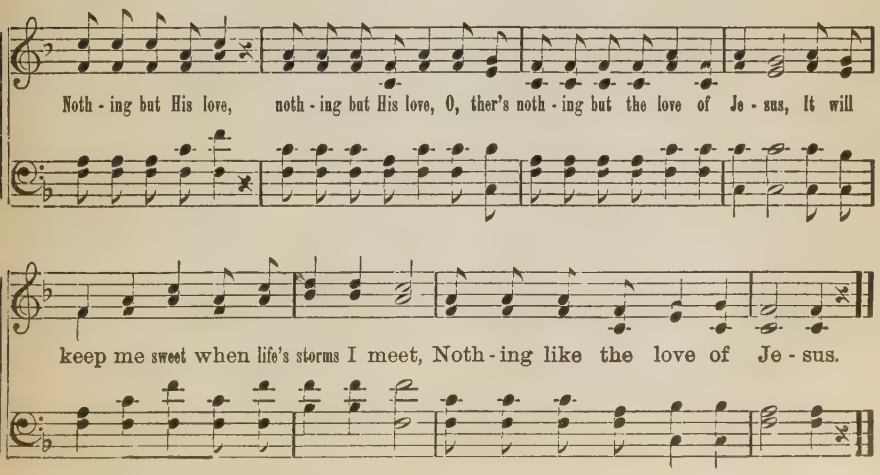
Ev - 'ry day—yes, ev - 'ry mo - ment, Will I try to work for Thee!

NOTHING BUT HIS LOVE.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.



CHORUS.



BETHLEHEM'S STAR OF PROMISE.

T. F. F. MIXED QUARTETTE. T. F. FRANCIS.

1. Won - der - ful star of prom-ise shine, Bring-ing glad
2. Won - der - ful star of prom-ise shine, Shed-ding thy
3. Won - der - ful star of prom-ise shine, Heav - en - sent

ti - dings to Pal - es - tine, Pour-ing thy rays the shepherds to
ra - di - ant light sub - lime, Let-ting the beams of thy brightness
har - bin - ger so be - nign, Un - like the com - et mes-sage of

greet, Lead-ing the wise men to bow at Christ's feet.
in To ev - 'ry soul that's en - slaved by sin.
war, Was to the shep-herds this won-der-ful star.

CHORUS.

Oh, the star that shone so bright O'er the
Oh, the star that shone so bright
Oh, the star that shone so bright O'er the
Oh, the star that shone so bright

plains of Beth-le - hem, To the shep - herds on that

O'er the plains of Beth-le-hem To the shepherds on that

plains of Beth-le - hem, To the shep - herds on that

O'er the plains of Beth-le-hem To the shepherds on that

night,

night, When the Sav - ior came to them.

night, on that night When the Sav - ior came to them.

No. 6. THE BIRTHDAY OF OUR KING.

"For unto us a Child is born, unto us a son is given."—ISAIAH 9:6.

A. F. M. A. F. MYERS.

Not too fast.

1. Un - to God be high - est glo - ry, And on earth good-will to men,
2. Now with hap-py hearts and voic-es, We to Christ our trib - ute bring,
3. Let all na - tions join the cho-rus Of the ev - er - last - ing song,

Since the Prince of Peace is born; Tell a - far the wondrous sto - ry,
On this bless - ed Christmas day, In His light the world re-joic - es,
That the heav'nly min-strels sing; God's e - ter - nal love is o'er us,

ONE BY ONE.

DECORATION DAY.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. One by one they're passing o - ver, Where they'll learn of war no more,
2. Years roll on our ranks get thin - ner, Gray is on each brow to - day,
3. Soldier boys, a biv - ouac waits us, O - ver on a wave - less strand,

One by one they cast the an - chor On that peace - ful, love - lit, glo - ry shore.
And the solemn hour approaches When each soldier will have passed a - way.
Get you all beneath His ban - ner With the King of glo - ry in command.

CHORUS.

Go - - - - - ing! Go - - - ing!
One by one they're going, passing swift away. To the bright and shin - ing shore where war will be no more.

Go - - ing! Go - ing!

Go - - - - - ing! Go - - - - ing!
Pass - ing on be - fore all their strife is o'er, Meet - ing in a great en - campment on that happy shore.

HAIL TO OLD GLORY.

FOURTH OF JULY.

H. H. HAZEL HURST.

1, All hail to our na - tion - al em - blem, That floats o'er our head to - day,
2. We sing of our fath - ers who suffered, And died on the field of strife,
3. Rejoice, then to - day, in old glo - ry, The flag that we love so well,
4. Float on in thy freedom and glo - ry, All o - ver this land that we love,

Let ev - 'ry glad voice in freedom re - joice, While a - ges may roll a - way.
That peace, bles - sed peace with us should not cease, As long as this land had life.
Thy folds kiss the breeze o'er such scenes as these, With joy now our loyal hearts swell.
Proclaiming a peace that nev - er shall cease, Till Prince of Peace comes from a - bove.

CHORUS.

Re - joice in old glo - ry to-day, Let bu - gle and drum a - wake.
Old glo - ry to-day.

Float on in your pride what - ev - er be - tide your folds we will nev - er for - sake.

WE'LL WEAR A GOLDEN CROWN.

G. W. A.

G. W. ARMSTRONG.

Joyfully.

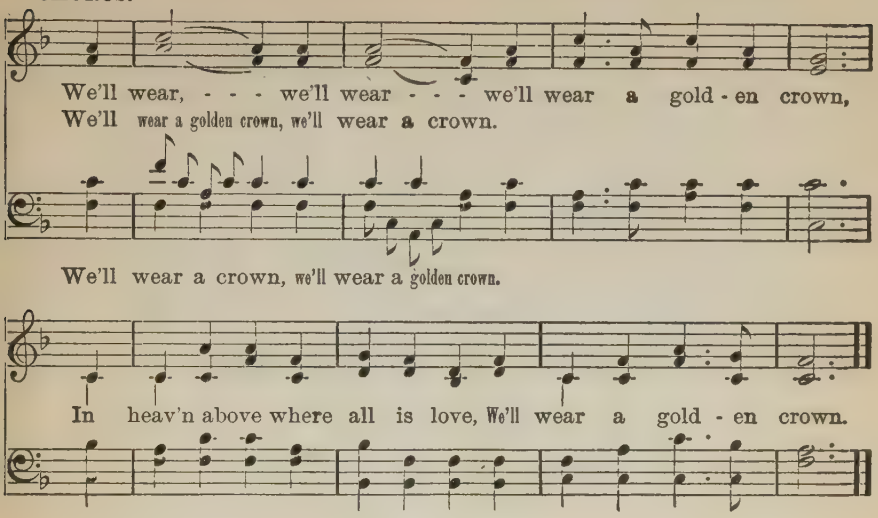
1. When life is o'er, and we no more, With lov - ing friends shall dwell;
2. One pleas - ing tho't is ev - er bro't, While trav - 'ling here be - - low;
3. While here we seem, to catch a gleam, Of Heav - en's gold - en light;

When to this earth and all its mirth, We bid a last fare - well,
And that is this, "A life of bliss" The Sav - ior will be - stow,
And day by day We tread our way, Un - til comes death's dark night,

With part - ing breath we'll welcome death and lay life's bur - den down.
And when we stand with - in that land, We'll nev - er know a frown.
Then an - gels bright on wings of light From glo - ry will come down.

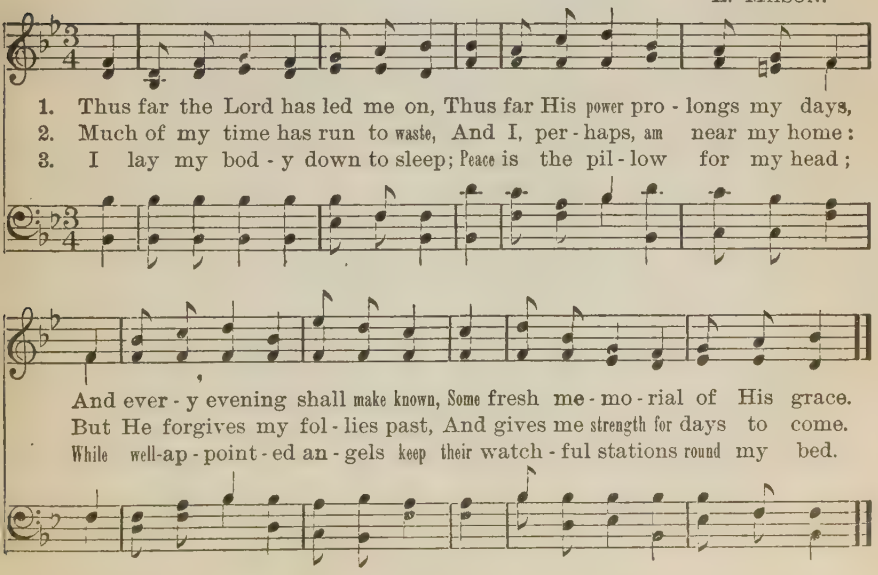
For - ev - er more on Ca - naan's shore, to wear a gold - en crown.
For free from care and sor - row there, We'll wear a gold - en crown.
To bear us o'er to Ca - naan's shore To wear a gold - en crown.

CHORUS.



HEBRON.

L. MASON.



THERE'S ONE FOR ME.

Arr. J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. Man-sions are prepared a - far, Where the hap - py an-gels are, Bright and grand
2. Crowns a-wait the good and true Who shall pass be-yond the blue; Ma-ny will
3. Robes of pure-st white await Those that pass the gold-en gate; We shall wear
4. Harps that ring a - far with praise, Will be ours for endless days; I will sweep

CHORUS.

these man - sions be, And there's one prepared for me, Yes there's one - -
those bright crowns see, And there's one prepared for me. Yes there's one
them they are free, And there's one a - wait - ing me.
those strings with glee, For I know there's one for me.

prepared for me, - - Oh there's one - - prepared for me - -
prepared for me, Oh there's one prepared for me.

Crowns, robes, harps - - and mansions free - - And I know there's one for me.
crowns, robes, harps, mansions free.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. I am com - ing, my Savior, to - night, The' stumb - ling in darkness and sin.
2. I am com - ing, I so much need rest, The ser - vice of sa - tan I hate,
3. I am com - ing in haste to the door, 'Twill o - pen for me now, I know.

There is love and rest for my soul op - pressed, And a home far a - way I will win.
I am sick of sin and would en - ter in The way that is nar - row and straight.
I have wan - dered long with the gid - dy throng, But the blood wash - es whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

With the blood my on - ly plea, - - - - I am com - ing, Lord, to Thee.
on - ly plea, now to Thee,

set free, for me.
I would be from sin set free, - - - - In that fountain made for me.

SAVED THROUGH AND THROUGH.

MELVILLE WINANS MILLER. WM. WIRT KING.

1. Born of the spir - it! Oh, won - drous new birth! Born of the
2. Out of my vile - ness and ha - tred with - in, Out of my
3. Life ev - er - last - ing my soul has re - ceived, Life in Christ
4. Come, pre-cious soul, and be born from a - bove! Je - sus is

spir - it! Oh, hear, all ye earth! Saved ev - er - more, I am
na - ked - ness, out of my sin, In - to a king - dom of
Je - sus on whom I be - lieved; Born of the spir - it, cre -
wait-ing to fill thee with love; Come un - to Him and be

saved thro' and thro', Saved by the blood of the Faith-ful and True.
light and of love Sweet-ly my soul has been born from a - bove.
a - ted a - new, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm saved 'thro and thro!
saved thro' and thro', Saved by the blood shed for me and for you.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry to Je-sus, I'm saved thro' and thro'! Saved ev - er-more! Saved thro' and thro'!

Rit - - - - -

Saved by the blood of the Faithful and True, Saved ev - er - more, ev - er - more!

BRIGHT HOME.

H. R. BISHOP. 1816.

1. { Bright home of the Sa - vior, what glo - ries a - wait
The spir - its that pass thro' the bright pearl - y - - gate;

{ What an - thems of rap - ture, un - ceas - ing and high,
Com - pose the loud cho-rus that glad - dens the - - sky;

Home, home! sweet, sweet home! Prepare me dear Savior, for yon - der blest home.

2. We bless Thee, dear Savior, who call'st us to share
The beautiful home Thou hast gone to prepare;
We trust in Thy mercy, that washed from our sin,
Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in.

O Calvary.

J. M. JOHN McPHERSON.

1. I think of Him, who died for me, On Calv'ry's rug-ged brow; Who shed His blood to set me free, That blood doth save me now.
2. My heart is full of love and praise, As I be-fore Thee bow; A pray'r of thank-ful-ness I raise, For Je - sus saves me now.
3. As on my way to glo - ry-land, To Him I pay my vow; For He doth hold me by the hand, And sweetly saves me now.

CHORUS.

Cal - va - ry, O mighty Cal-va-ry! Where my great Re-deem - er died up - on the tree; Cal - va - ry, O pre-cious Cal - va - ry! Shed His blood, a ran-som there for e - ven me.

C. M. B. CHAS. M. BLISS.

DUET. Not too fast.

1. Bear-ing the fruit of the Spir - it, Gen-tle - ness, meekness and love;
2. Cast-ing out e - vil pas-sions, En - vy - ing ha - tred and strife;
3. Helping to bear oth-ers burdens, Heeding the law of our God;
4. Send-ing our pray'rs and our prais - es Up to our Fa - ther on high;

Thus we are fol - low - ing Je - sus, Up to the man-sions a - bove.
Walk-ing with Je - sus in spir - it, Pure in our ev - 'ry - day life.
Thus would He teach us to fol - low Pathways our dear Sav-ior trod.
Sow - ing the seed in our weakness, Reaping will come by and by.

CHORUS. Faster.

Scat - ter - ing bless-ing and sunshine, Cheering the sad and the lone;

Rit. - -

Then when the Mas - ter shall call us, Sure of a glad wel-come home.

THE SHIPWRECK.

J. S. G.

J. S. GALLIET.

1. Hear the thun-ders roll-ing, See the light-nings flash;
2. Hear the can-non booming On yon ship for-lorn;
3. Now that ship is sink-ing, Rent al-most in twain;

See the an-gry bil-lows, O'er the break-ers dash;
See, her mast is brok-en, Lo, the helm is gone;
"Save us," hear them cry-ing; Shall that cry be vain?

Hark! what cries of an-guish, Come a-cross the wave;
Wild the winds are blow-ing, Frowning rocks are near;
No, for see the life-boat, Manned with hearts most brave,

Quick! send out the life-boat, Some poor soul to save.
Stout-est hearts are quak-ing, Cheeks are blanched with fear.
O'er the bil-lows rid-ing, Those poor souls to save.

CHORUS.

Quick! send out the life - boat, Some poor souls to save;

Nev-er mind the thun - d'ring, Nor the foam - ing wave;

On - ly trust in Je - sus, Lean up - on His arm;

He will help you save them, He will calm the storm.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY.

Arr. J. M. Arr. J. M.

1. I'm on this high-way, saved complete, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
2. My en - e - mies are left be - hind, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
3. In Ca - naan I am liv - ing now, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
4. The Spir - it leads me day by day, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
5. I have just ev - 'ry thing I need, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
6. Soon I am go - ing home to rest, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

And trust - ing in the Lord is sweet, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
I wish them joys of ev - 'ry kind, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
And saved and hap - py a - ny how, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
And keep me ev - er in the way, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
Can nev - er stay if He but lead, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
To meet a - gain— be Je - sus' guest, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

We're on, (we're on,) the King's high-way, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

And get - ting near - er heav'n each day, Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

FLOWERS ARE SPRINGING.

CHILDREN'S DAY.

HAZEL HURST. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. The flow-ers are springing from ev - 'ry hill - side, The children's song ringing pro - claim the June tide, Be
2. A child's voice is sweetest be - cause of no care To bur - den its heart as the old - er ones are, Its
3. A home is awaiting beyond these bright o - ceans, To - day's mer-ry fes - tal to us is fore-gleams, Its

ev-'ry heart hap-py this bright children's day, But glad moments always pass swiftest a-way.
sorrows and troub - les as quick pass away, As love-tint-ed blossoms that come with the May.
brightness and radiance naught can we com-pare, On earth with the glo - ry a-wait-ing up there.

CHORUS.

Re - joice! . . . re - joice! . . . day, . . .

The flowers are springing, the children are sing-ing, Rejoice on this bright children's day, children's day.

Re-joice! . . . re - joice! . . . a - way. . . . .

Rejoice and sing praise, This brightest of days, For glad mo-ments pass swift-est a-way, pass away.

RALLY DAY MARCHING SONG.

Rev. J. EMORY FISHER. *Second Prize Song.* C. W. BENNETT.

Prelude.*

mf

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, march - ing a - long;

* This prelude may be sung before each verse.

1 2

Tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, marching in the light, march-ing for the right.

1. The proph - et's day is draw - ing near, the hour is just at hand;
2. We came from coun - try and from town, from homes both rich and poor;
3. Our Cap - tain is the Naz - ar - ine, from heav'n to earth He came;
4. We car - ry flags to show how dear the pa - triot's sa - cred flame,
5. The fu - ture Church and fu - ture State, march in our ranks to - day;

For fa - thers to their chil - dren turn, thro' all this broad'ning land;
All mar-shalled at the ho - ly shrine with - in the church's door;
While an - gels chant in chor - al song our lov - ing Sav - ior's name;
And sing our songs to tell how sweet is Je - sus pre - cious name;
The mu - sic of our youth - ful tread ech - oes the far a - way;

It is believed this song and chorus is such as children will readily learn. An Interlude is introduced to serve as a rest to the singers before beginning the succeeding verse.

The words are both religious and patriotic, and suitable for any English speaking country.

This piece is arranged for full Brass Band accompaniment, which will be a great aid to the singers, and make the whole very effective for pic-nics, parades, etc.

So we are called "in Je - sus, name," to lead the van to - day,
An ar - my of the Prince of Peace, with peace our feet are shod,
So, "Peace on earth, good will to men," shall be our Ral - ly Song,
For "Christ and Church," for "Home and Land," we fall in line to - day,
Then come and join our glo - rious band, and swell our hap - py throng,

With wav - ing flags and bound-ing hearts, we joy - ful march a - way.
And with the Spir - it's sword we fight, the bat - tles of our God.
And with our flags and bound-ing hearts we joy - ful march a - long.
With wav - ing flags and bound-ing hearts we proud - ly march a - way.
And wave with us our coun - try's flag, as we go march - ing on.

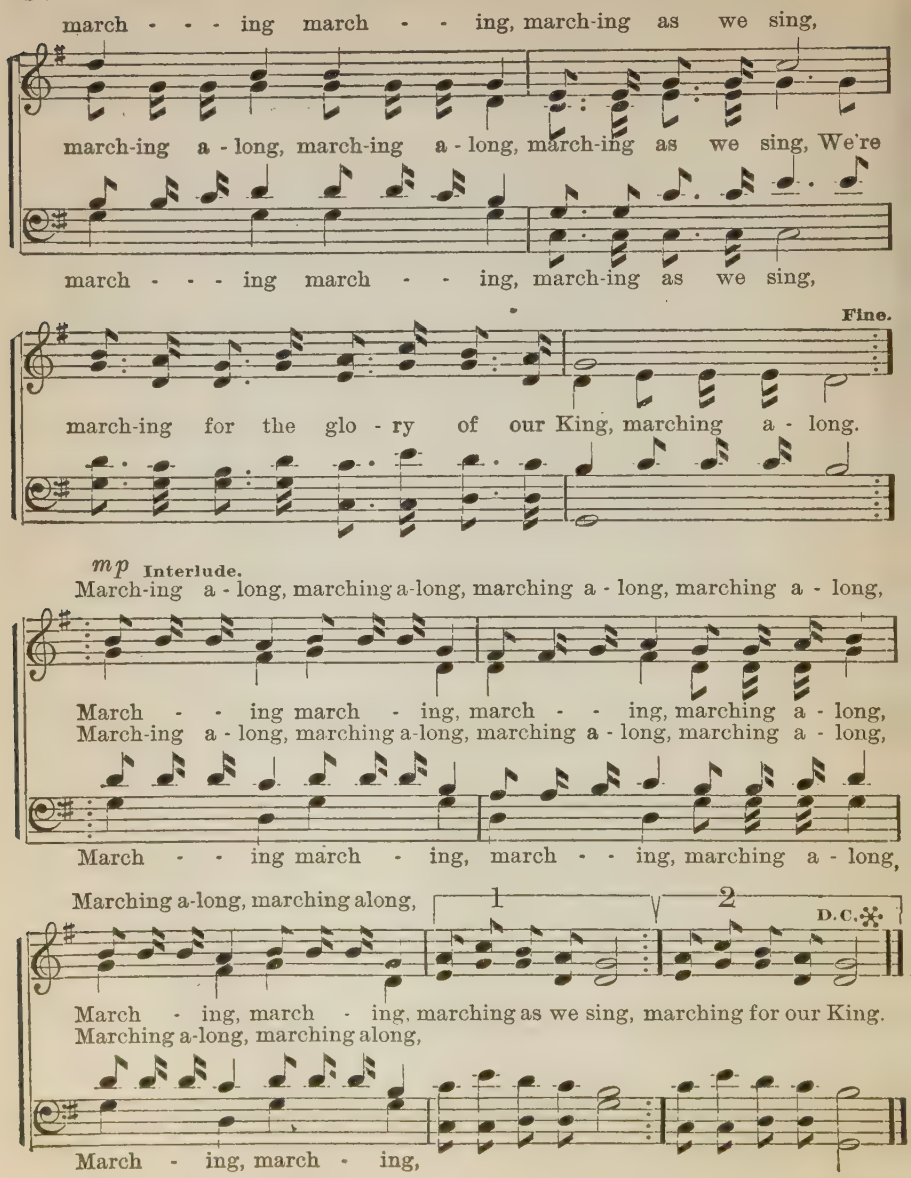
ff CHORUS.
March - - ing, march - - ing, we're marching in the Light,

Marching a - long, marching a - long, we're marching in the Light, We're

March - - ing, march - - ing, we're marching in the Light,

March - ing for the king - dom, march-ing for the right, We are

RALLY DAY MARCHING SONG.—CONCLUDED.



*D. C. to Prelude or to next verse.

WHAT A SAVIOR.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1, I'm on my way to glo - ry land, The Sav-ior keeps me day by day, His
2. His hand supplies my ev - 'ry need No want I feel while He is near, His
3. He'll keep me safe un - to the end, No mat-ter if dark days may come, And

love a - lone that makes me stand A - long my pil - grim way;
lov - ing care I'll ev - er plead, My on - ward path to cheer.
so I'll ev - er trust this Friend, 'Till I reach heav'n my home.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, what a Sav - ior! Glo-ry, glo - ry what a King!

Glo - ry, glo-ry, what a Sav - ior, Perfect peace and joy to bring.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. F. KING.

Moderate.

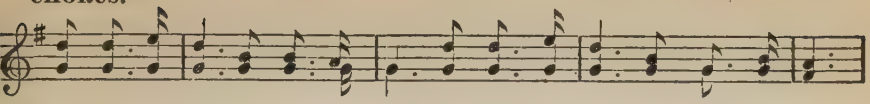
1. The love of Christ so pure and free, Is of-fered now to you and me,
2. When joy shall bless thy blissful lot, And earth doth seem a raptured spot,
3. The love of Christ than all be-side Is more, then in that love a - bide,

This love for all doth aye a - tone, No long - er we may walk a - lone;
This love will gild thine on -ward way, And add its glow to fair-er day;
A stead-fast hope un - to thy soul, An anch - or sure, He'll make thee whole;

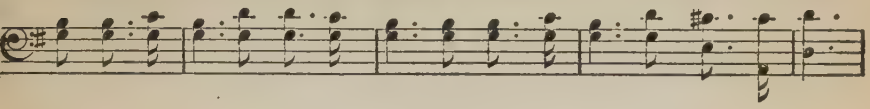
Then hum-bly seek this love di - vine, Up-on thee now His face would shine;
But oh when clouds and tempests wild, Ob-scure thy way, Thy Father's child;
He waits to bless, He longs to save, Thee to re-deem, His life He gave,

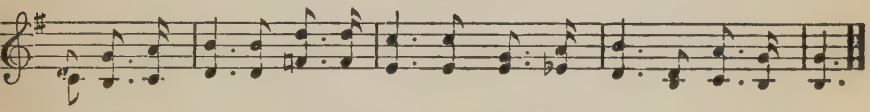
While He is near, Oh heed His call! He fain would be thine all in all!
This love and care Shall surely claim, Then call up - on His gracious name.
Make Him thy choice, Whose death sufficed, For all, oh claim the love of Christ.

CHORUS.

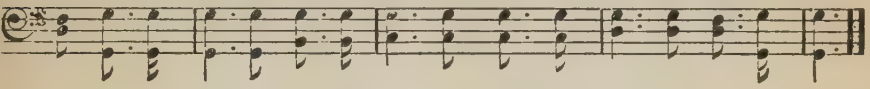


Ac-cept just now the love of Christ, His blood for all, Yes all suf - ficed,



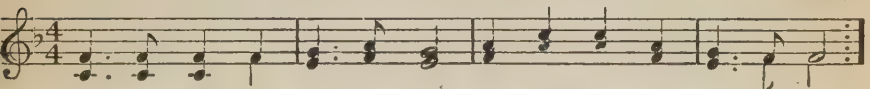


Then seek His face, His pardon know, For He would wash you white as snow.

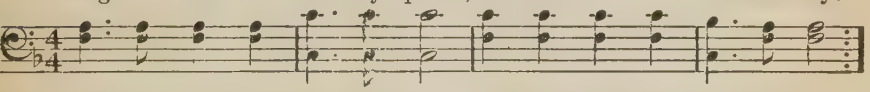


LOVE AND PRAISE TO CHRIST.

Fine

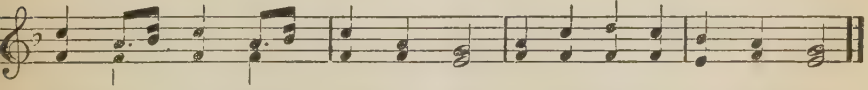


1. Children of the heavn-ly King, As we jour-ney let us sing;
Sing our Sav - ior's wor-thy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.

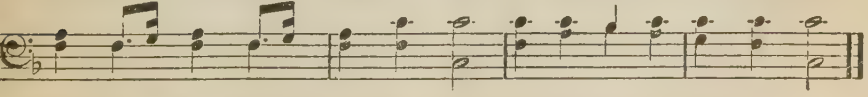


D. C. They are hap - py now and we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see.

D. C.



We are trav - 'ling home to God, In the way our fa - thers trod;



2. Fear not, brethern and joyful stand
On the border of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

3. Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

My Jesus Teach Me How to Pray.

A. L. Wasing. Mrs. E. A. Glenn.

1. My Sav - ior, on the word of truth, In ear - nest hope I live;
2. Thou knowest that I am not blest, As Thou wouldst have me be,
3. It is not as Thou wilt with me, Till humbled in the dust;

I look for all the pre - cious things, Thy bound-less love can give,
Till all the peace and joy of faith Possess my soul in Thee;
I know no place in all my heart Wherein to put my trust,

I look for many a les - ser light A - bout my path to shine;
And still I seek 'mid ma-ny fears, With yearnings un - ex - pressed,
Un - til I find O Lord, in Thee, The Low-ly and the Meek,

But chief - ly long to walk with Thee, And on - ly trust in Thine.
The com-fort of Thy strengthening love, The sooth - ing set - tling rest.
The full-ness of Thine own re-deemed, Go no - where else to seek.

CHORUS.

My Je-sus teach me how to live A life of faith in Thee,

My Je - sus, teach me to live A life of faith in Thee,

And then thro' all e - ter - ni - ty I'll praise Thee end - less - ly.

THE LIFE BEYOND.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep, From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su - preme - ly blest;
3. A - sleep in Je - sus! far from thee, Thy kin-dred and their graves may be;

A calm and un - dis-turbed re - pose, Un-bro-ken by the dread of foes.
No fear, no woes shall dim the hour, Which man-i - fests the Sav - ior's power.
But thine is still a bless - ed sleep, From which none ev - er wake to weep.

GIRD ON THE ARMOR.

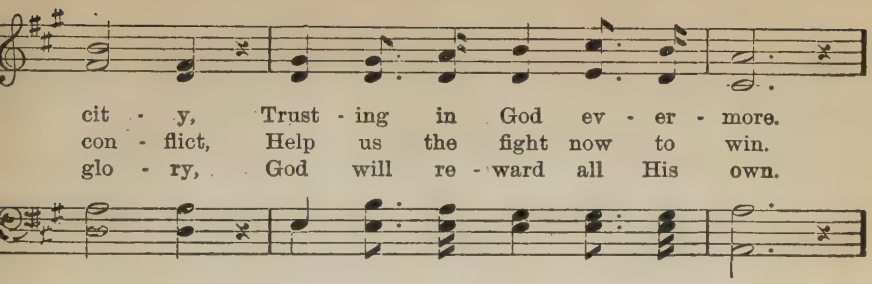
E. K. H. (*First Prize Piece.*) E. K. HEYSER.

1. Gird on the Christ - ian's ar - mor, Brave - ly to heed our
2. Je - sus, our might - y cap - tain, From Sa - tan's pow'r each
3. Gird on the Christ - ian's ar - mor, For on - ly there can

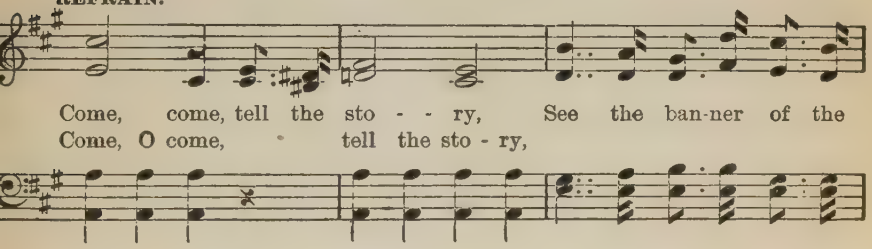
lov - ing Mas - ter's call; Help - ing each faint - ing broth - er,
will - ing soul can save; Why should we fear to trust Him?
hon - or true be won; Truth is our might - y watch - word,

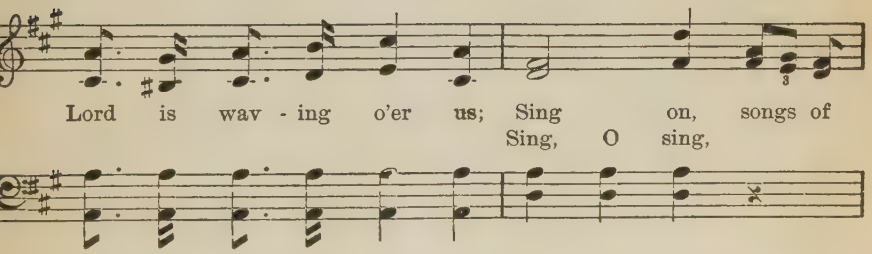
Lest by the way he fall. Fight - ing the fight of the
Let us each dan - ger brave. For - ward! we go on to
Fin - ish the work be - gun. Then in the heav - en - ly

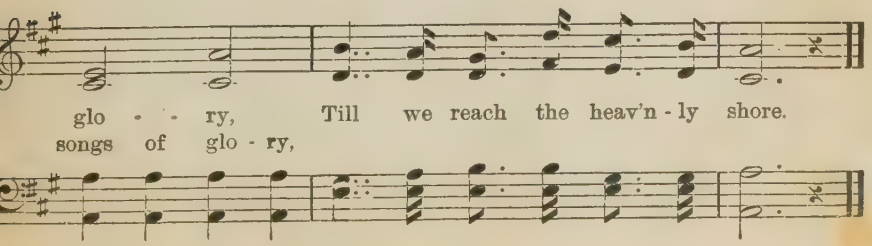
right-eous, Faith-ful till life shall be o'er; Seek - ing the heav'nly
vict - 'ry, Storming the works of sin; Join in the might-y
man-sion, Kneel-ing be - fore the throne; There with a crown of


cit - y, Trust - ing in God ev - er - more.
con - flict, Help us the fight now to win.
glo - ry, God will re - ward all His own.

REFRAIN.


Come, come, tell the sto - - ry, See the ban-ner of the
Come, O come, tell the sto - ry,


Lord is wav - ing o'er us; Sing on, songs of
Sing, O sing,


glo - - ry, Till we reach the heav'n - ly shore.
songs of glo - ry,

THE CHRISTMAS BELLS.

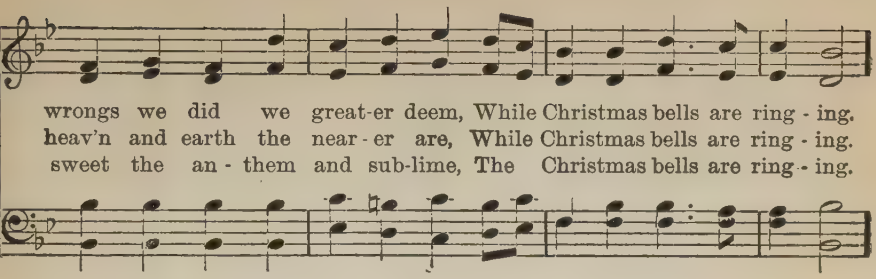
GEO. B. CHASE.

Moderato.

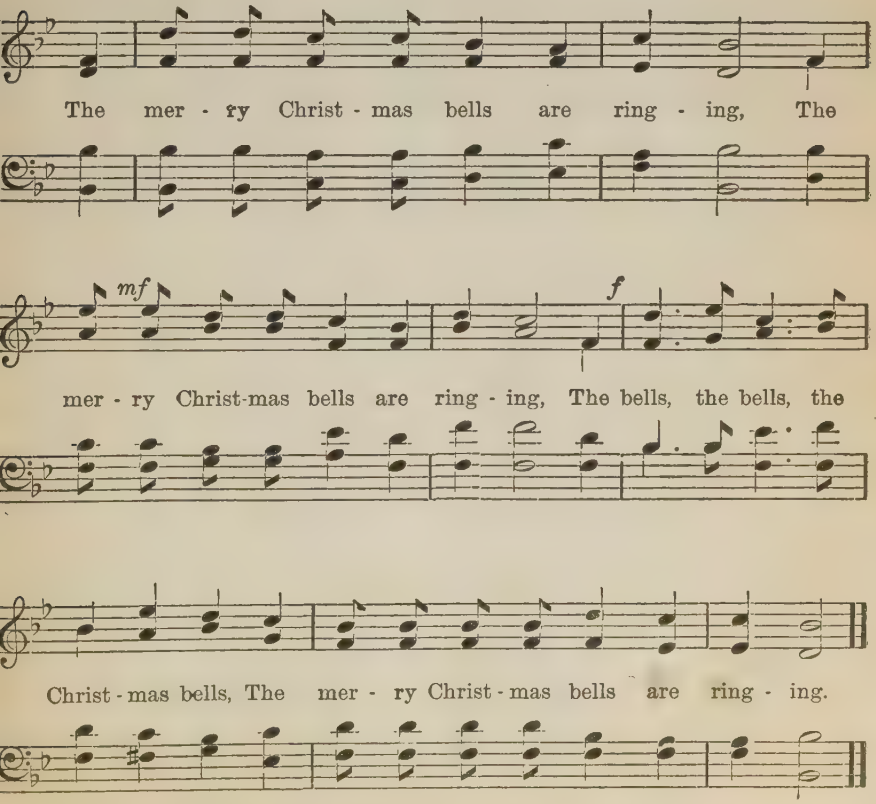
1. The mid-night stars shine o - ver - head With more than u - sual bright - ness, The hills and val - leys are ar - rayed In robes of daz - zling white - ness; And jew - eled sprays of frost and rime, To for - est boughs are cling - ing; And

2. And voic - es si - lent long we hear Sweet words of par - don speak - ing, And oth - er voic - es reach our ear, Our words of par - don seek - ing; The wrongs we met too trivi - al seem, To mer - it an - gry fell - ing; The

3. And we for - get to scheme and plan, While Christmas bells are tell - ing, Of Him, who came in guise of man, On earth to claim a dwell - ing; The sweet bells sound - ing near and far, Calm, ho - ly thoughts are bring - ing; And



CHORUS. Lively.



TARRY WITH US.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON. By per.

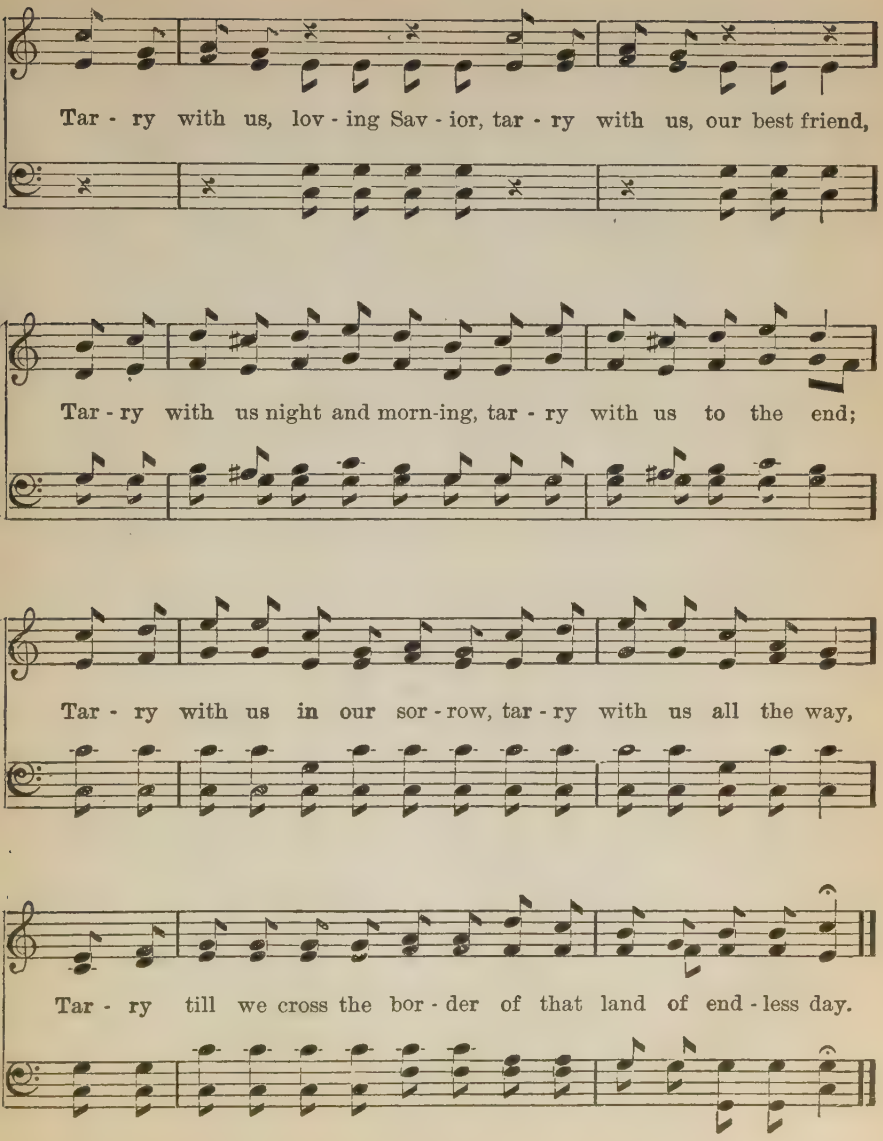
1. Tar - ry with us, pre-cious Sav - ior, all a - long the toil-some way;
2. Tar - ry with us, for we need Thee ev - 'ry mo-ment that we live;
3. Tar - ry with us, till the end - ing give us peace when called to die;

Be our help, our guide, our coun-sel thro' what - ev - er paths we stray;
If Thou leave us, all is dark-ness and our hearts will sore - ly grieve;
Bear us to the ma - ny man-sions that a - wait us by and by;

We would know no oth - er help - er, we would know no oth - er friend,
Be our shield in all temp - ta - tions, comfort us in time of woe,
Be our sol - ace here in sor - row, be our help in time of need,

Till we reach the land of Beu - lah, where this life of toil shall end.
Help us look to Thee for all things, un - til fields of bliss we know.
Be our shield and buck-ler ev - er, help us fol - low where Thou lead.

CHORUS.


Tar - ry with us, lov - ing Sav - ior, tar - ry with us, our best friend,
Tar - ry with us night and morn-ing, tar - ry with us to the end;
Tar - ry with us in our sor - row, tar - ry with us all the way,
Tar - ry till we cross the bor - der of that land of end - less day.

OPEN THE DOOR.

G. B. C.

GEO. B. CHASE.

Moderato.

1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der - ly gath - er them in,
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com - ing in throngs,
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand,

In from the highways and hedg-es, In from the plac - es of sin;
Bid them sit down to your banquet, Teach them your beauti - ful songs;
Point them to Christ the Re-deem-er, Wel-come them un - to your band;

Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun - gry and cold;
Pray you the Fa - ther to bless them, Pray that His grace may be giv-en;
Je - sus will glad - ly re-ceive them, Quickly their ten - der hearts win;

O - pen the door for the children, And gath-er them un - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the children, Of such is the kingdom of heav'n.
O - pen the door for the children, And hast-en to gath - er them in.

OPEN THE DOOR.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

gath-er them in, gath - er them in,
Go, gath - er them in,..... Go, gath - er them in,.....

Je - sus, our bless - ed Re-deem - er, Is call-ing the children to Him.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my

fa - thers died! Land of the pil-grims pride! From ev - ry mount-ain side, Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the tress,
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

I Am Trusting Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee;
2. I am trust - ing Thee for cleans-ing, In the crim - son flood;
3. I am trust - ing Thee to guide me, Thou a - lone shalt lead;
4. I am trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev - er let me fall;

Trust - ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
Trust - ing Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.
Ev - 'ry day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.
I am trust - ing Thee for - ev - er And for all.

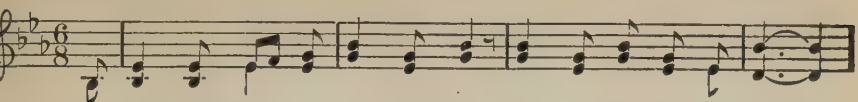
CHORUS.

I am trusting Thee, Lord Je - - sus, Trust-ing on - ly Thee!
Lord, trusting on - ly Thee! Trusting, trusting on - ly Thee!

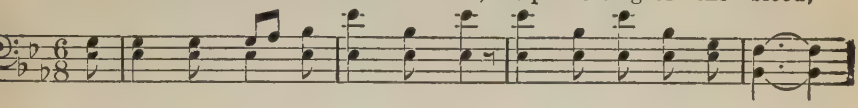
I am trusting Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trusting on - ly Thee!
Lord, trusting on - ly Thee! Trusting, trusting on-ly Thee!

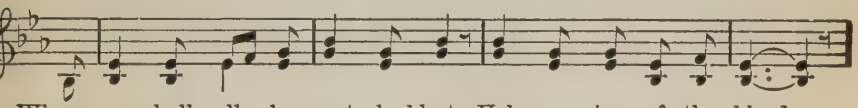
HELP ME SING OF THE BLOOD.

HAZEL HURST. JOHN MCPHERSON.

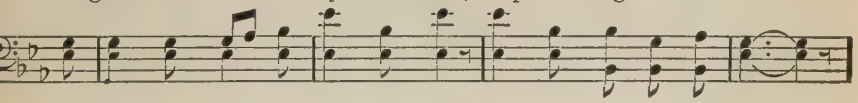


1. A - long the way to peace and rest, Help me sing of the blood;
2. When toils and cares be - set my way, Help me sing of the blood;
3. If sa - tan tempt my feet to stray, Help me sing of the blood;
4. Soon I shall test the scenes of death, Help me sing of the blood;

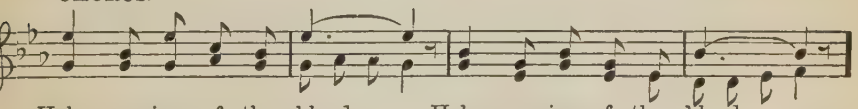




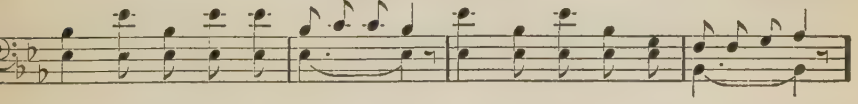
Where we shall all be great - ly blest, Help me sing of the blood.
Should I get wea - ry night or day, Help me sing of the blood.
A - long the route to end - less day, Help me sing of the blood.
His grace shall bur - den my last breath, Help me sing of the blood.

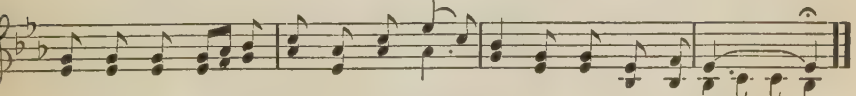


CHORUS.

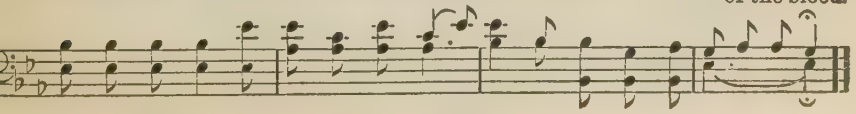


Help me sing of the blood,..... Help me sing of the blood,.....
of the blood, of the blood,





All the way on to glo-ry's bright throng, Help me sing of the blood.....
of the blood.



TELL IT OUT, THE LORD IS KING.

HAVEGAL. *Third Prize Song.* R. A. GLENN.

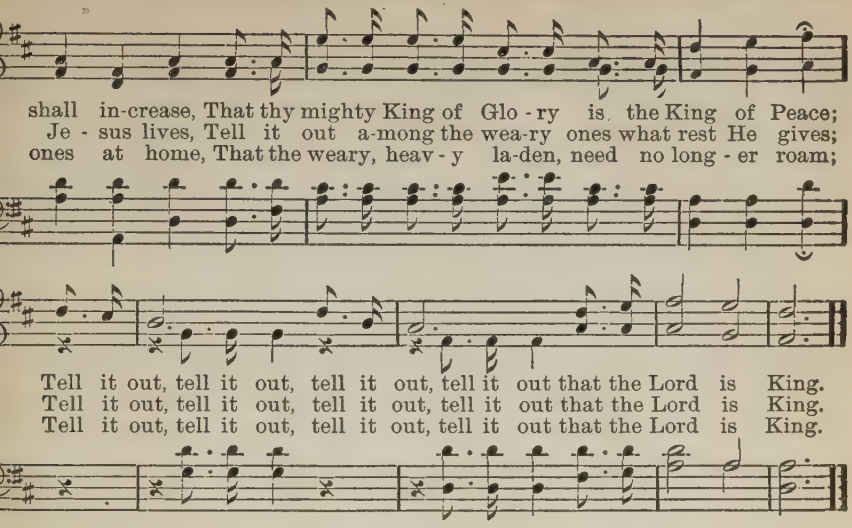
1. Tell it out a - mong the na - tions that the Lord is King!
2. Tell it out a - mong the peo - ple that the Sav - ior reigns!
3. Tell it out a - mong the peo - ple Je - sus reigns a - bove!

Tell it out, Tell it out, Tell it out a-
Tell it out, Tell it out, Tell it out a-
Tell it out, Tell it out, Tell it out a-

Tell it out, tell it out,

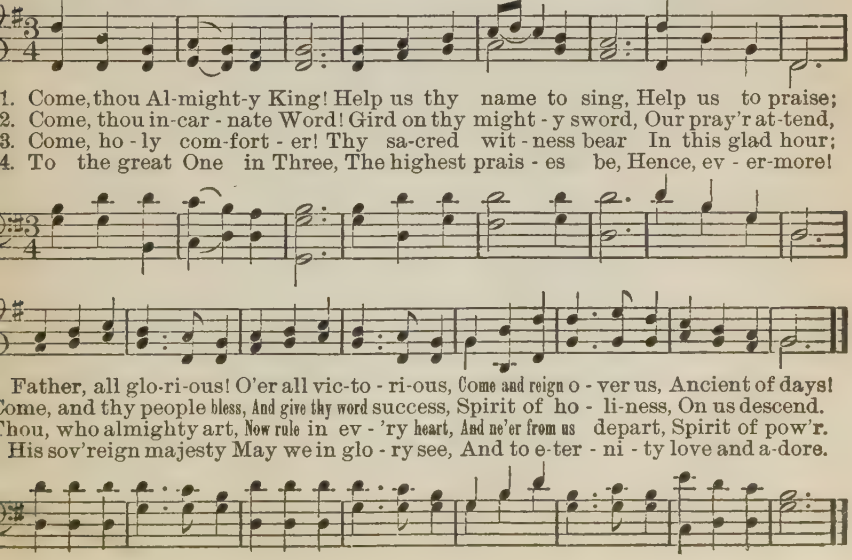
mong the na - tions, Bid them shout and sing, Tell it out, tell it out,
mong the hea - then, Bid them break their chains, Tell it out, tell it out,
mong the na - tions, That His reign is love, Tell it out, tell it out,

Tell it out, tell it out, Tell it out with ad - o - ra - tion that He
Tell it out, tell it out, Tell it out a-mong the weep-ing ones that
Tell it out, tell it out, Tell it out a-mong the high-ways and the



COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

CHARLES WESLEY. FELICE GIARDINI.



THE SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

LAURA E. NEWELL. J. F. KING.

With energy.

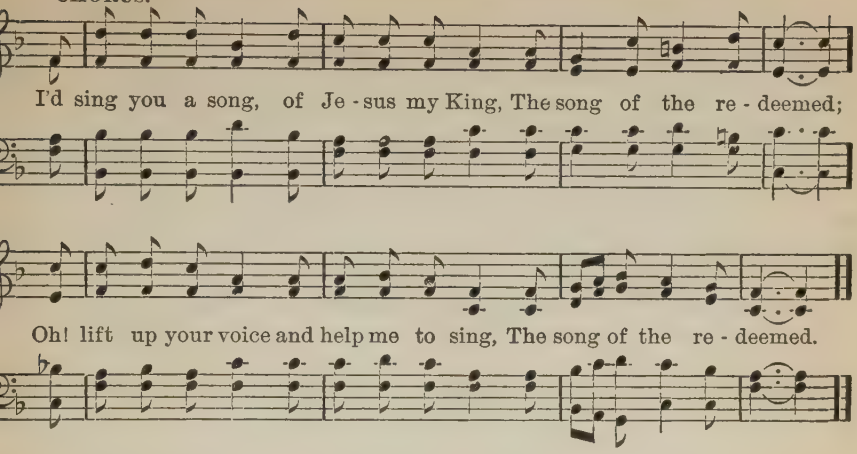
1. I'd sing of Christ's re-deem - ing love, The song of the re - deemed,
3. I'd sing of far off Beth - le - hem, The song of the re - deemed,
3. I'd soft - ly sing of Cal - va - ry, The song of the re - deemed,

And to my Mas - ter faith - ful prove, The song of the re - deemed.
And tell of Heav - en's Di - a - dem, The song of the re - deemed.
And tell how Je - sus died for me, That I might be re - deemed.

I'd sound it o'er all earth's domain, Word of the lamb that once was slain,
I'd sing of how He came to earth, How an - gels her - ald - ed His birth!
Be-fore His cross I'd kneel and pray, That Christ would be my help and stay;

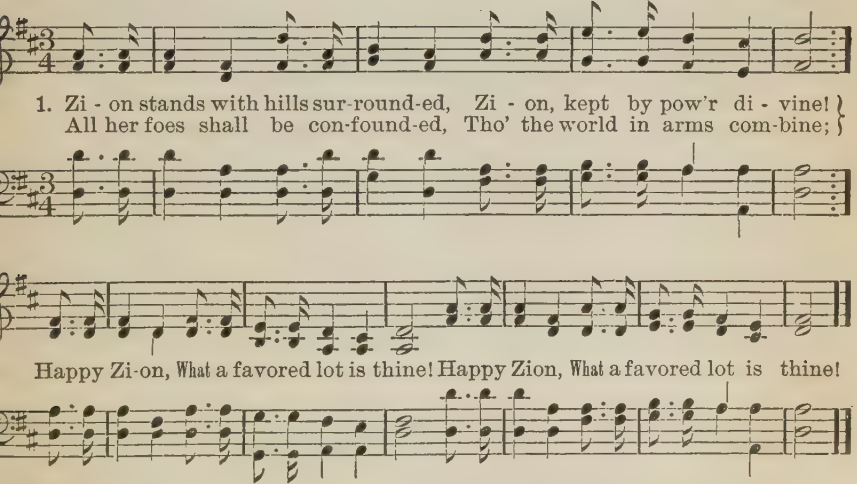
And chant the glo - ri - ous re-frain, The song of the re - deemed.
And I would chant His boundless worth, The song of the re - deemed.
Un - til I chant 'mid heav-en's day, The song of the re - deemed.

CHORUS.



HAPPY ZION.

THOMAS KELLY. THOMAS HASTINGS.



2 Ev'ry human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright
But can never cease to love thee—
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

CANAAN'S BEAUTIFUL SHORE.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. We'll shout and sing a - long the way, To Ca-naan's beau-ti - ful shore,
2. Tho' hosts of sa - tan tempt me sore, To Ca-naan's beau-ti - ful shore,
3. Sometimes the way is dark and dim, To Ca-naan's beau-ti - ful shore,
4. Soon I will cross and be at rest, On Ca-naan's beau-ti - ful shore,

We'll watch and fight as well as pray, To Ca-naan's beau-ti - ful shore.
Our faith - ful guide will lead us o'er, To Ca-naan's beau-ti - ful shore.
I trust it all a - lone to Him, To Ca-naan's beau-ti - ful shore.
Where I shall be for - ev - er blest, On Ca-naan's beau-ti - ful shore.

CHORUS.

To Ca-naan's beau - ti - ful shore,..... To Ca-naan's beau-ti - ful beau - ti - ful shore,

shore,..... We'll sing and shout a - long the route, To Canaan's beautiful shore.
beau-ti-ful shore,

SECRET PRAYER.

H. H. P. H. H. PETERSEN.

1. There is an hour of peace and rest, Unmarred by worldly care;
2. The straight and nar - row way to heav'n Where angels bright and fair
3. When sail - ing on life's storm - y sea, 'Mid bil-lows of de - spair;
4. When thorns are strewn a - long my path, And foes my feet en - snare;

'Tis when be - fore the Lord I go, And kneel in se - cret pray'r.
Are sing - ing to God's praise, is found Thro' canstant se - cret pray'r.
'Tis sol - ace to my soul to know God hears my se - cret pray'r.
My Sav - ior to my aid will come, If sought in se - cret pray'r.

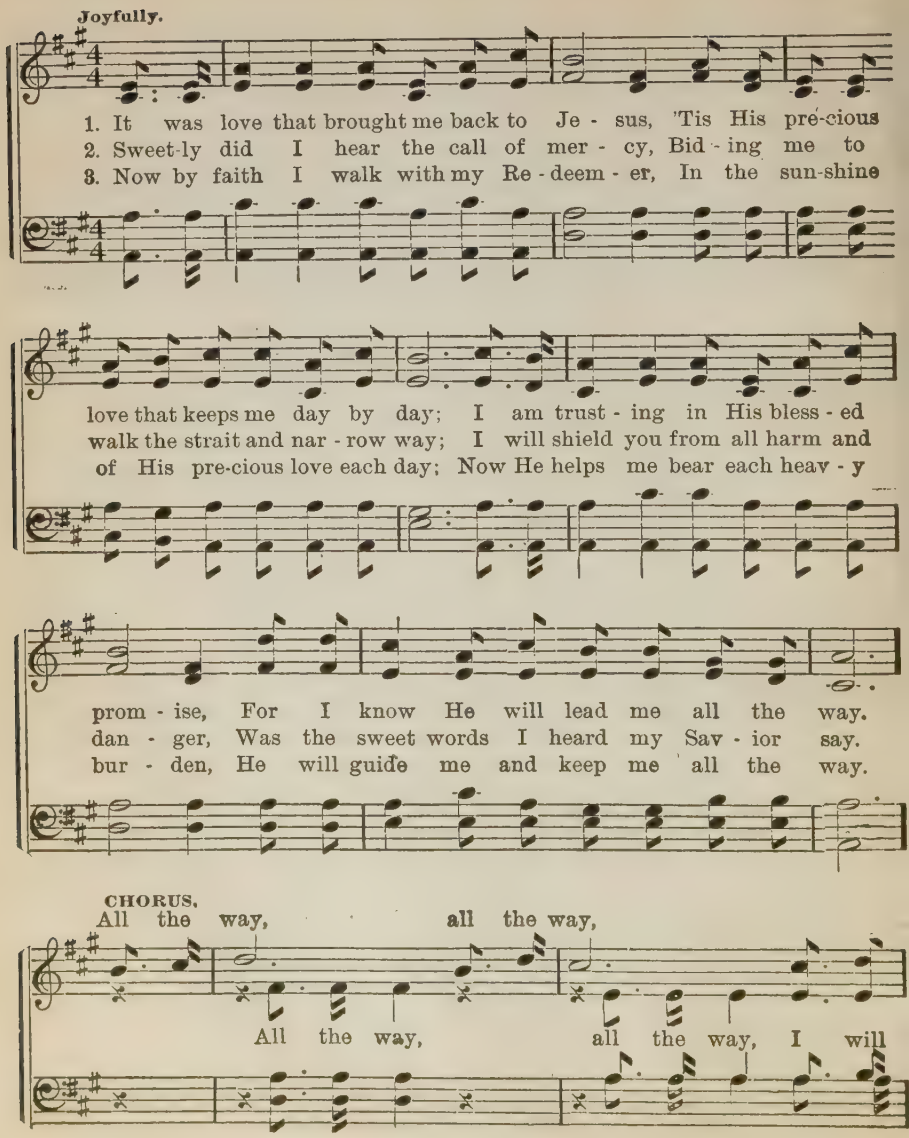
REFRAIN.

May my heart.... be turned to pray, Pray in se - cret day by day,
May my heart be turned to pray, Pray in se - cret day by day,

That this boon.... to mortals giv'n, May u - nite my soul with heav'n.
That this boon to mor-tals giv'n,

ALL THE WAY.

R. A. GLENN.



All the way,

go re - joic - ing in His love, All the way,

in His love,

All the way,..... He will lead me to the mansions a - bove.

all the way,

REVIVE THY WORK, O LORD.

ALBERT MIDLANE. J. C. WOODMAN.

1. Re - vive thy work, O Lord! Thy might-y arm make bare, Speak,

with the voice that wakes the dead; And make thy peo - ple hear.

2 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smoldering embers now,
By thine almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Exalt thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

4 Revive thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own.
The blessing, Lord! be ours.

KIND WORDS, BRIGHT SMILES.

J. W. M. JAMES W. MORRIS.

1. There are ma - ny all a-round us who are wea - ry, Stagg'ring un - der heav - y bur-dens hard to bear, There are ma - ny all a-round who need our com-fort, Lov - ing words and smiles are needed ev-'ry-where.
2. Let the words we speak be cheer-ful, kind and lov - ing, They may make some wea - ry broth-ers bur - den light; Let our smiles be bright and hap - py as the morn-ing, They may help to make the gloomy days more bright.
3. Let us fol - low in the foot-steps of our Mas - ter, Let us lift the shad-ows of some cloud-ed sky; Let us scat - ter lov - ing words and smiles a - round us, They'll be fruitage for the reaping by and by.

CHORUS.

Kind words, bright smiles, Scat - ter them
Kind lov - ing words, bright, hap - py smiles,

all a - long our path-way here, Kind words,
all a - long, all a - long our path-way here, Kind, loving words,

bright smiles, Ma - ny a wea - ry, lone - ly heart they'll cheer.
bright hap - py smiles,

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my

fa - thers died! Land of the pil-grims pride! From ev - ry mount-ain side, Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the tress,
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

WE ARE GOING.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. We are go - ing, swift-ly go - ing, To a place of love and light;
2. We do well to heed the warnings, That our King provides for all;
3. On - ly in the blood is safe - ty, 'Gainst the crash of that great day;
4. Soon the end will dawn up - on you, And the mighty Judge ap - pear;

And the mo-ments glide so quick - ly, Soft - ly like a sum-mer's night.
And make sure our chart and moorings, E'er the aw - ful shad-ows fall.
Flee at once to this safe ref - uge, For there's danger in de - lay.
Soon that day will burst in glo - ry, For your woe or end - less cheer.

CHORUS.

We are go - - ing,..... swiftly glid - ing,.....
go - ing, go - ing, go - ing, glid - ing down the way,
To an un - known, shore - less sea,.....
To a dark and gloom - y, cheer-less, shore-less sea, a shore - less sea,
sea,.....

But our Pi - - lot,..... safe sure Pi - - lot,.....

But our nev - er fail - ing Pi - lot, Je - sus will be with us there,

Will con-duct us safe - ly o - ver there to dwell e - ter - nal - ly.

BEGIN THE DAY WITH GOD

BENNETT. Dr. L. MASON.

1. Be - gin the day with God, Kneel down to Him in pray'r; Lift

up thy heart to His a - bode, And seek His love to share.

2 Open the book of God,
And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,
And sweeten all thy care.

3 Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be,
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.

4 Conclude the day with God;
Thy sins to Him confess;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead His righteousness.

LO, 'TIS HER ANGEL.

(FOR MALE VOICES.)

NEVA PARKHILL PRENTICE. Dr. M. L. BARTLETT.

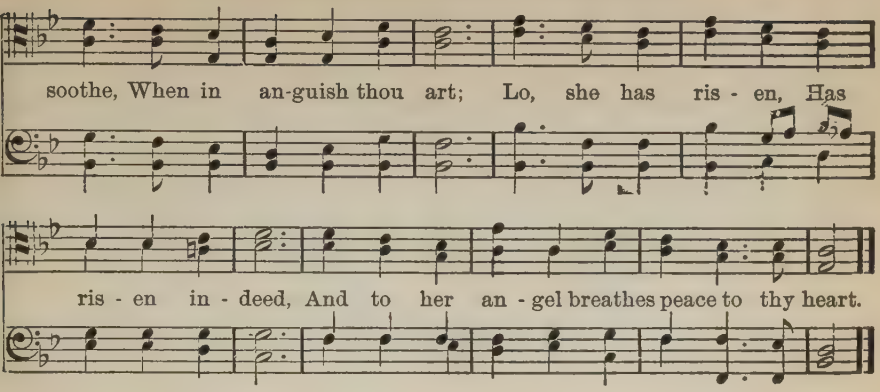
1. Her white wings shall fol-low And soothe thee to rest, When the dark storm of
2. Her white hands shall woo thee To rest by the streams, Be - side the dark
3. Her sweet voice shall call thee, When earth's sounds are lost, And thy life-boat on

troub - le Sweeps o - ver thy breast, Sweeping on, sweeping back, O'er the
fount-ains Where light ev - er gleams, Wooing up, woo - ing on, From that
Times, Speeding cur-rent is tossed; Call - ing soft, call - ing low, From the

crys - tal-line sea, She'll bear on her pin-ions Sweet heal - ing to thee.
dark riv - er here, That left thee in sor - row, In an-guish and tears.
ram-parts of gold, She'll call thee to meet The redeemed of His fold.

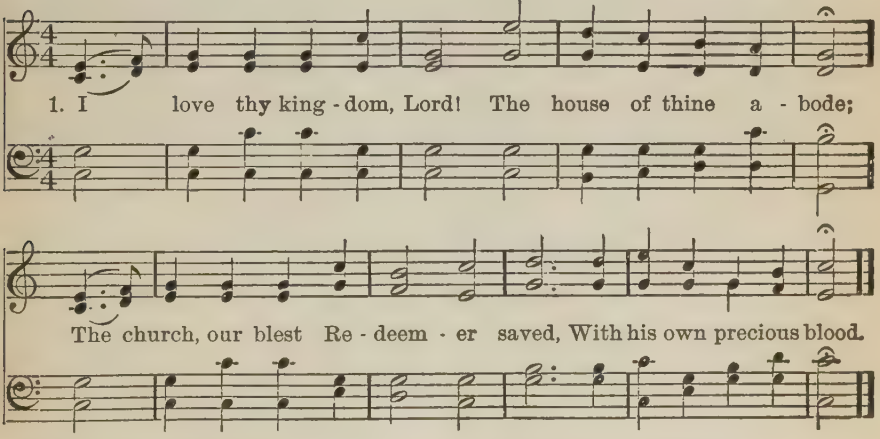
CHORUS.

Sweet - ly her An - gel a vig - il shall keep, Ten - der - ly



I LOVE THY KINGDOM, LORD.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT. L. MASON.



2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

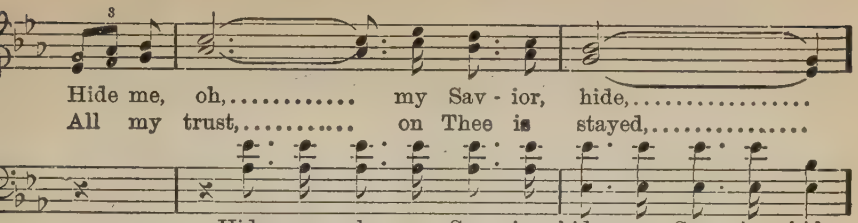
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

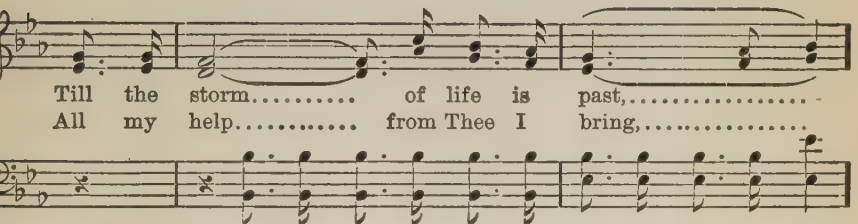
5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

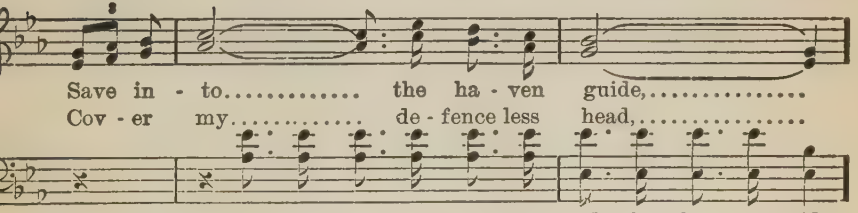
JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

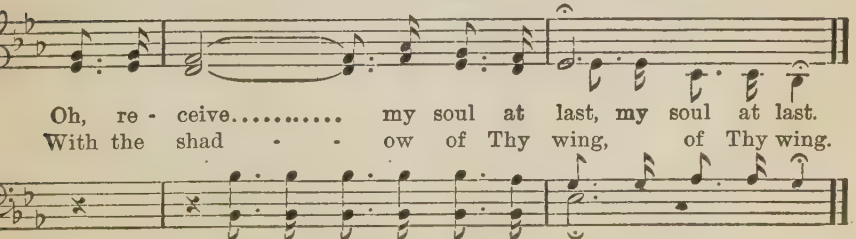
J. H. KISSINGER.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul,..... Let me to Thy bo - som fly;..... While the near - er wa - ters roll,..... While the temp - est still is high.
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none,..... Hangs my help - less soul on Thee;..... Leave, oh, leave me not a- lone,..... Still sup - port and com - fort me.


Hide me, oh, my Sav - ior, hide,
All my trust, on Thee is stayed,
Hide me, oh, my Sav - ior hide, my Sav - ior hide,
All my trust on thee is stayed, on Thee is stayed,


Till the storm of life is past,
All my help from Thee I bring,
Till the storm of life is past, of life is past,
All my help from Thee I bring, from Thee I bring,


Save in - to the ha - ven guide,
Cov - er my de - fence less head,
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, the ha - ven guide,
Cov - er my de - fense-less head, de - fense-less head,


Rit and Dim - - - - - -
Oh, re - ceive my soul at last, my soul at last.
With the shad - - ow of Thy wing, of Thy wing.
Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
With the shad - ow of Thy wing.

THERE'LL BE ROOM IN HEAVEN.

B. M.

BERK MOWERS.

Slow.

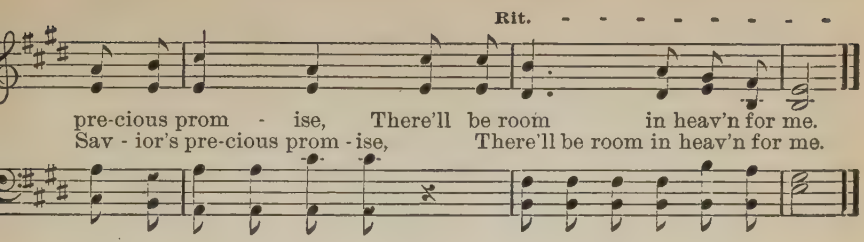
1. Is there room in yon-der man-sion, In that land from sor-row free,
2. In this life I'm ev - er wea - ry, Gloom and sor - row 'round me see;
3. Thou didst die to save poor sin - ners, Thou hast promised par-don free;

For a weak and wea - ry trav - 'ler? Is there room in heav'n for me?
But these trials I'll glad - ly bear them, If there's room in heav'n for me.
If I love and e'er o - bey Thee, There'll be room in heav'n for me.

CHORUS.

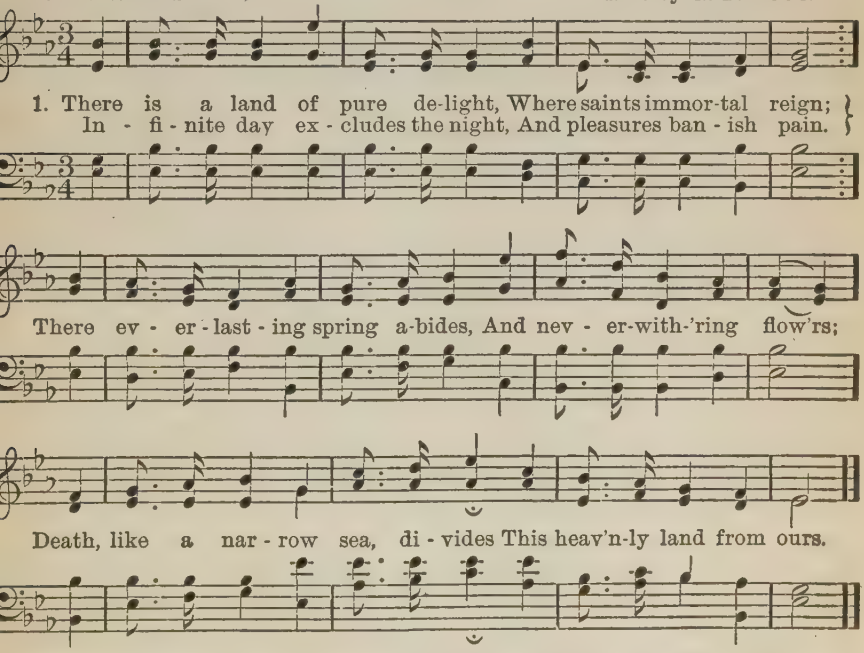
Room in heav - - en with my Sav - - ior, Where I'll
Room in heav - en where from sor - row free,

ev - - er hap - py be, I be - lieve His
Where I'll ev - er hap - py, hap - py be, I be - lieve my



THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

ISAAC WATTS. Arr. by G. F. ROOT.



2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes—
Could we but climb were Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordon's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

LOOK, YE SAINTS.

T. KELLY. E. H. BEMIS.

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the man from sorrows now,
2. Crown the Sav - ior, an-gels, crown Him! Rich the tro-phies Je - sus brings;
3. Hark, those bursts of ac-clam - a - tion! Hark, those loud triumphant chords!

From the fight re-turned vic - to-rious! Ev - 'ry knee to Him shall bow.
In the seat of pow'r en-throne Him, While the vault of heav - en rings.
Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion, O what joy the sight af-fords.

CHORUS.

Crown Him,

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crowns be-come the vic - tor's brow;
Crown Him, crown Him, Crown the Sav-ior King of Kings!
Crown Him, crown Him, King of Kings and Lord of Lords!

Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him,

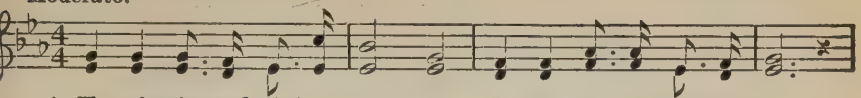
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crowns become the vic - tor's brow.
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown the Sav - ior King of Kings!
Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords!

Crown Him, crown Him,

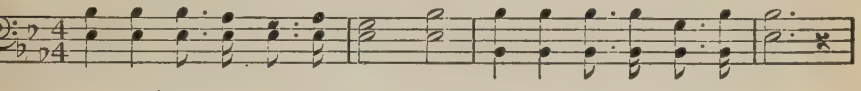
A Home In Glory.

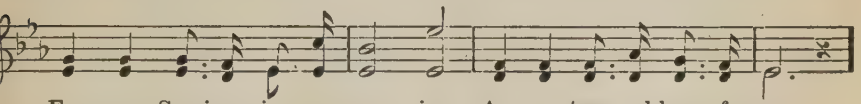
Melville Winans Miller. J. F. Kinsey.

Moderato.

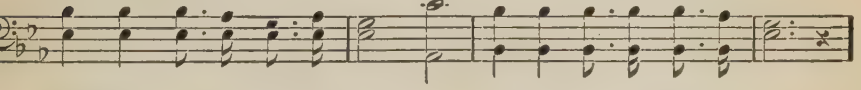


1. Homeless here and of-times wea - ry, I shall soon not homeless be;
2. I shall have a home up yon - der, I shall have a home up there;
3. I shall have a man-sion grand - er, Than this world can ev - er give;
4. I shall have a home for - ev - er, When I reach that surgeless shore;

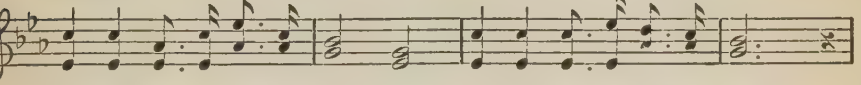




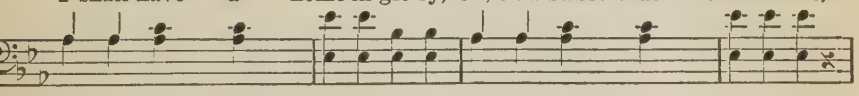
For my Sav-ior is pre - par - ing An e - ter - nal home for me.
I shall live and reign with Je - sus, He shall lead me ev - 'ry-where.
I shall have a pal - ace yon - der, I shall in that pal - ace live.
I shall dwell in it for - ev - er, I shall homeless be no more.

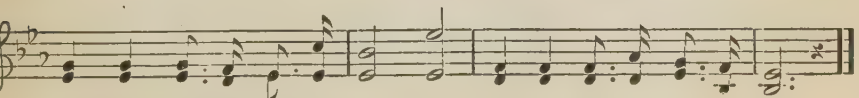


CHORUS.

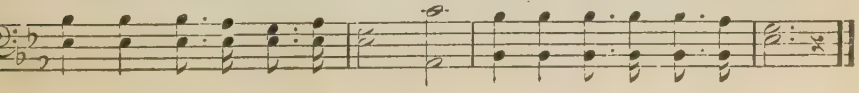


I shall have a home in glo - ry, Oh, how sweet that home will be,
I shall have a home in glo-ry, Oh, how sweet that home will be,





I shall have a home in glo - ry, I shall then not homeless be.



LOVELY CHILDREN'S DAY

JOHN MCPHERSON. J. F. KINSEY.

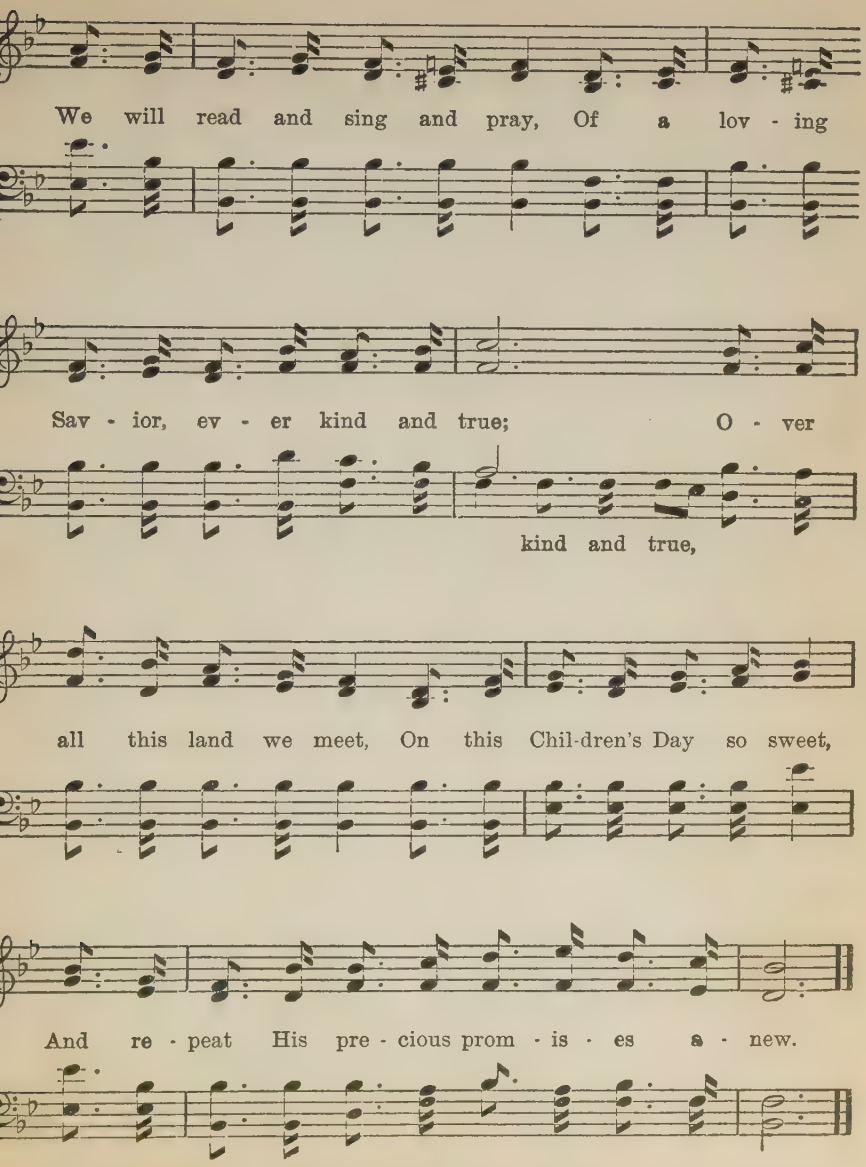
1. In the Sun - day school we meet, And God's prom - is - es re - peat,
2. We re - joice that all is fair, That God's mer - cies we may share,
3. We re - joice and sing the more, When we think of that sweet shore,

Hap - py souls greet a - gain to - day; For with - out the
As we jour - ney a - long the way, And with thank - ful
Where we meet when this life shall end; For its joys will

birds of spring, Make the vales and wood-lands ring, With their
hearts we come, To our cheer - ful Sab - bath home, On this
all be mine, If I trust His love di - vine, And my

CHORUS.

songs so glad and gay.
love - ly Chil - dren's Day. On this love - ly Chil - dren's Day,
voice with the saved shall blend.


We will read and sing and pray, Of a lov - ing
Sav - ior, ev - er kind and true; O - ver
kind and true,
all this land we meet, On this Chil-dren's Day so sweet,
And re - peat His pre - cious prom - is - es a - new.

CITY OF GOLD.

GEO. M. MILLER. BERK MOWERS.

1. I will tell you of a cit - y, In the heav - ens all pre-pared;
2. New Je - ru - sa - lem, fair cit - y, May we all thy light re - ceive;
3. Cit - y bright, with walls of Jas - per, Gates a-dorned with pre-cious stone;

That is filled with wond'rous beau-ty, By the blest a - lone 'tis shar'd.
Life is of - fered by thy king-dom, Un - to all who do be - lieve.
Christ the bright-est gem of beau-ty, He will make thy glo - ry known.

CHORUS.

Cit - y of gold, ... thy

Beau - ti - ful cit - y of gold,

glo - ry un - fold, Give us a

Now all thy glo - ry un - fold,

glimpse..... of thy sweet pur - i-

Give us, we pray thee, a glimpse,

ty, Life we are told,.....

Glimpse of thy sweet pur - i - ty, Life in that cit - y we're

..... in thee nev - er grows old,

told, Nev - er, no, nev - er grows old,

May we spend there e - ter - ni - ty. (e - ter - ni - ty.)

ONLY LITTLE CHILDREN.

CARL D. KINSEY.

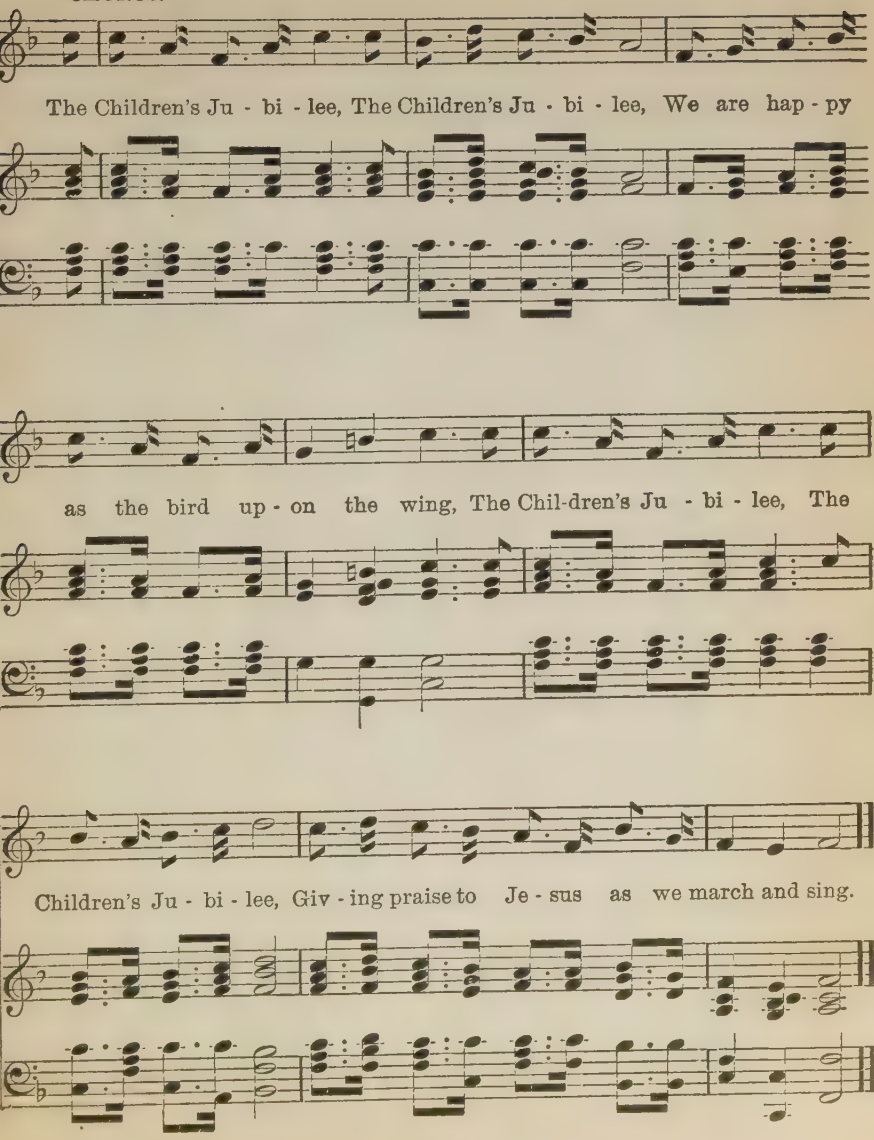
Cheerfully.

1. On - ly lit - tle chil-dren, Yet the Sav - ior knows All our lit - tle
2. On - ly lit - tle chil-dren, Yet the Sav - ior hears, When the chil-dren
3. On - ly lit - tle chil-dren, Yet the Sav - ior said When He laid His

sor - rows, All our child - ish woes. Knows that we are help - less,
tell Him, All their hopes and fears, Hears our songs and prais - es,
hand in Bless - ing on their heads, Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren,

Frail and sin - ful too, Knows that we have striven to be good and true.
As we sing to Him, Tho' He lives in heav-en as our Lord and King.
Un - to me to come, There are ma - ny like them in my heav'nly home.

CHORUS.


The Children's Ju - bi - lee, The Children's Ju - bi - lee, We are hap - py
as the bird up - on the wing, The Chil-dren's Ju - bi - lee, The
Children's Ju - bi - lee, Giv - ing praise to Je - sus as we march and sing.

LED BY THE SPIRIT

MELVILLE WINANS MILLER. EVA WILSON SMITH.

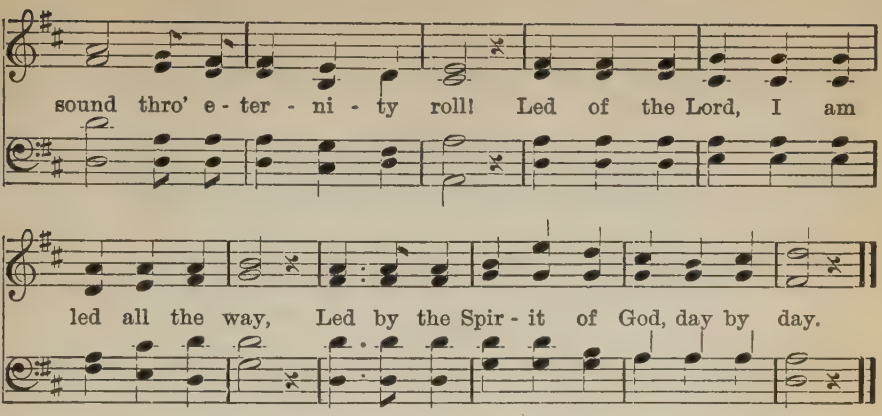
1. Led by the Spir - it! oh, bless - ed con - trol! Led by the
2. Yield-ing my life and my all un - to Him, Walk - ing by
3. Freed from the bond - age and pow - er of sin, Free in Christ
4. Led by the Spir - it! oh, let Him lead thee! Safe - ly and

Spir - it! oh, safe is my soul! Led by the Lord, I am
faith, when my sight be - comes dim, Trust - ing the Spir - it, He
Je - sus who reign - eth with - in, In - to His im - age I'm
sweet - ly He leads e - ven me! Yield - ing thy - self to the

led day by day, Safe - ly and sweet-ly thro' ev - 'ry dark way.
leads me each day, Leads me and keeps me from e - vil al - way.
changed day by day, Led by the Spir - it His voice to o - bey.
Spir - it's con - trol, Per-fect, sure peace shall a - bide in thy soul.

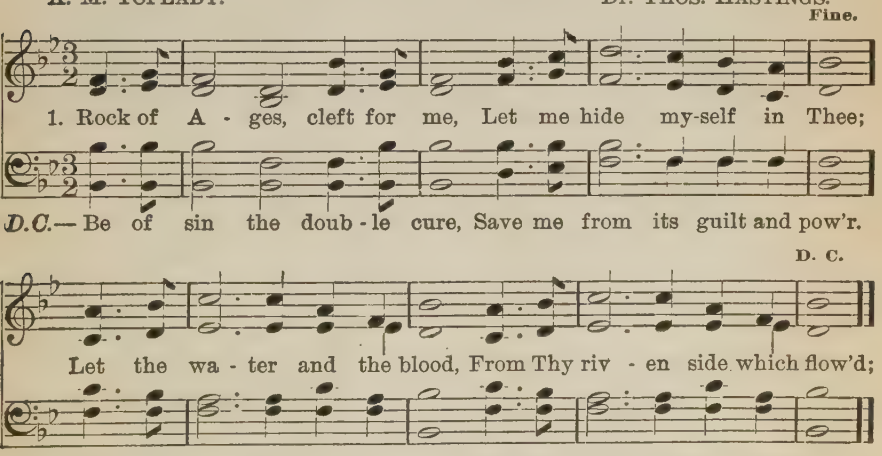
CHORUS.

Led by the Spir - it! oh, shout all my soul! Let the glad



ROCK OF AGES.

A. M. TOPLADY. Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



2 Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfill Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

He Is Knocking.

Geo. M. Miller. Berk Mowers.

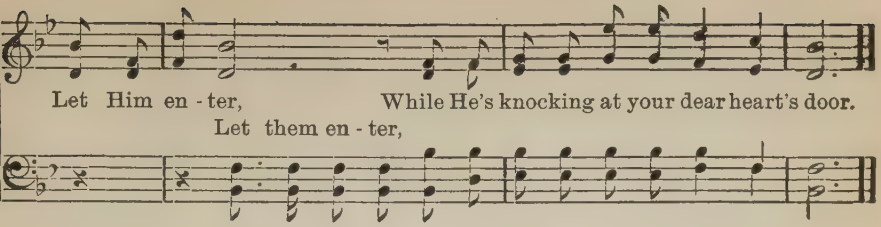
1. A stran-ger stands, knocks at thy door, And if you hear His gen - tle voice,
2. If you will on - ly let Him in, He and thy soul shall then commune;
3. His spir - it's plead-ing with your hearts, Then haste to let Him in to - day;

His pard'ning love at once im-plore, And make Him your e - ter - nal choice.
He'll cleanse thy soul from ev - 'ry sin, And all thy grief and guilt consume.
Fail not, lest He, from you, de - parts, And leaves you in the dark al-ways.

CHORUS.

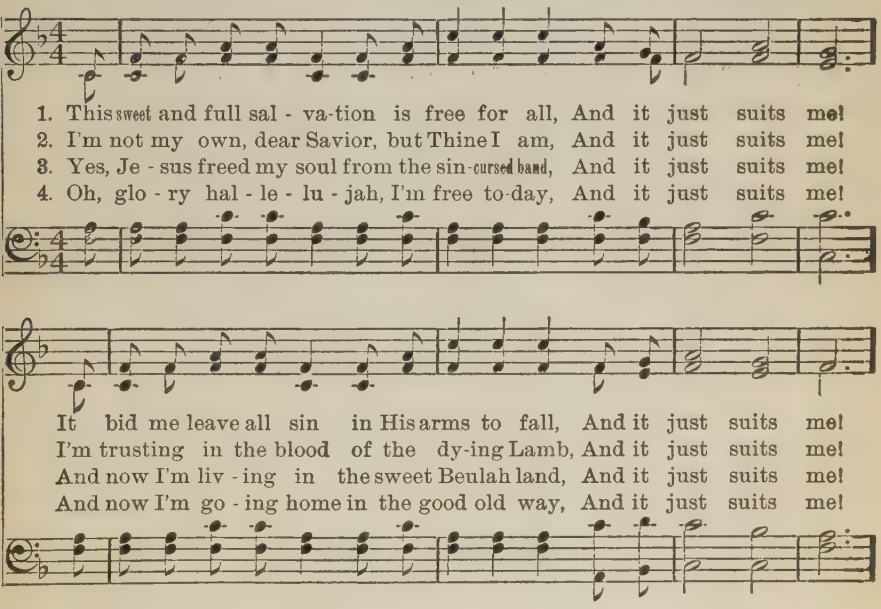
He is knocking, He is knocking, He is
He is knock-ing, He is knock-ing,

call - ing o'er and o'er, o - pen quick-ly,
o'er and o'er, o - pen quick-ly,

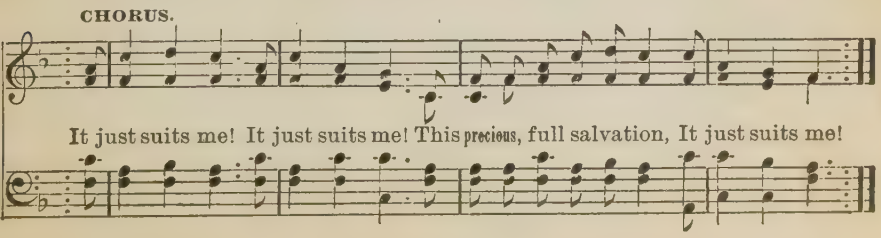


JUST SUITS ME.

Rev. E. R. BENNETT. *Ephesians, 5: 27.* ARR. JOHN MCPHERSON.



CHORUS.

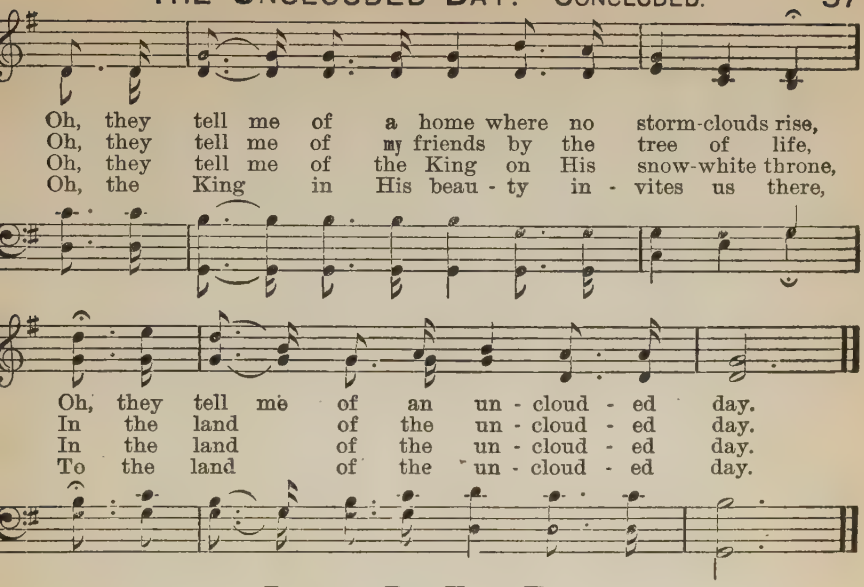


THE UNCLOUDED DAY.

Words and Melody by Rev. J. K. ALWOOD. Music by J. F. KINSEY.

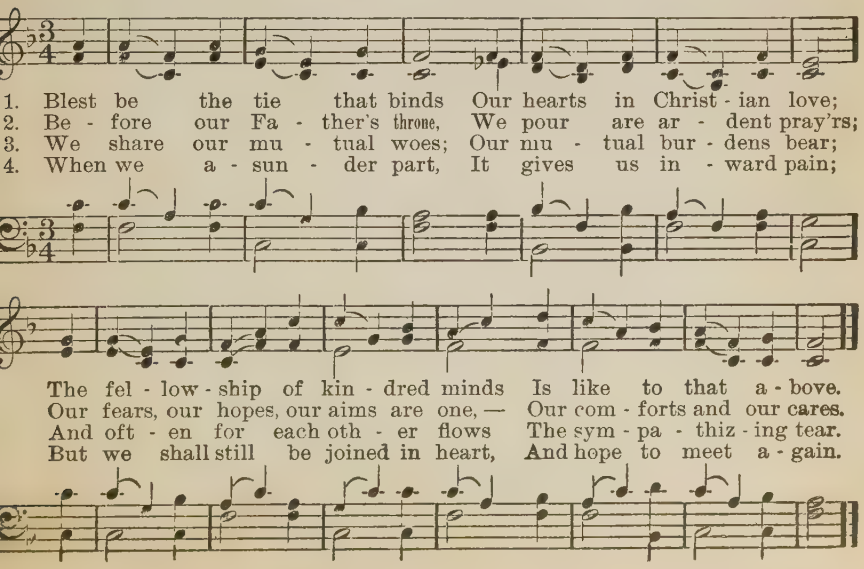
1. Oh, they tell me of a home far be - yond the skies, Oh, they tell me of a home far a - way; Oh, they tell me of a home where no storm - clouds rise, Oh, they tell me of an un - clouded day; Oh, the land of cloudless day, Oh, the land of an un - clouded sky;
2. Oh, they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, Oh, they tell me of a home far a - way; Where the tree of life in e - ter - nal bloom Sheds its fragrance thro' the un - clouded day; Oh, the land of cloudless day, Oh, the land of an un - clouded sky;
3. Oh, they tell me of the King in His beau - ty there, And they tell me that mine eyes shall be - hold; Where He sits on the throne that is whit - er than snow, In the cit - y that is made of gold; Oh, that land mine eyes shall see, Oh, that land of an un - clouded sky;
4. Oh, they tell me that He smiles on His child - ren there, And His smile drives their sorrows all a - way; And they tell me that no tears ev - er come a - gain, In that love - ly land of un - clouded day; Oh, that land of love - ly smiles, Oh, the smiles of His love-beaming eye;

Published in sheet form as a song and chorus by The Echo Music Company. Price 35 cts.



BLEST BE THE TIE.

JOHN FAWCETT. H. G. NAGELI.



NEARING HOME.

CARL D. KINSEY.

SOLO. Ad lib.

1. We have heard of the cit - y so shin - ing and fair, In the far - a - way land of the blest,.... Of the mansions of glo-ry pre-par-ing for those Who there, and there on - ly would rest;.... In those bright hab-i - ta - tions we

2. Thro' the cold wintry storm and the summer's fierce heat, In con - flict, in sor-row, and pain,... O-ver mountain and valley, and deep rolling floods, We must pass ere that cit - y we gain;.... Tho' toil-some the "way," it must

3. And when from the hill - tops, we catch the first gleam, Of the walls and the gates of pure gold,... When faintly the ech - o seems borne on the air Of a rapt-ure and joy un - con - trolled; When we feel the light touch of in-

too long to dwell, To that cit - y as pil-grims we roam;.... Tho' the
sure - ly be "right," Since God is our lead - er and guide;... In the
vis - i - ble hands And hear the soft rust-ling of wings,... When the

journey be long, we are trav-el - ing on, For each day is a day near-er home.
pil - lar of cloud and of flame day and night, He has prom-ised with us to a - bide.
tho't that His an - gels are guarding our way, New strength and encouragement brings.

CHORUS.

Oh, beau - ti - ful gates of that cit - y a-bove, The home of the ransomed and blest;

The King in His beauty our eyes shall behold, And with Him for-ev - er we'll rest.

MEN AND WOMEN BY AND BY.

H. H. HAZEL HURST.

1. Tho' we now are lit - tle children and are young and weak, We will
2. Tho' the way sometimes be-fore us, seems so ver - y dim, We will
3. In the church and state and nation we will rule some day, We will

all be men and wo-men by and by; In the Sun-day school we gather
all be men and wo-men by and by; We are trusting ev - 'ry step be-
all be men and wom-en by and by; And in all im-port-ant sta-tions

CHO. *We are grow-ing day by day and*

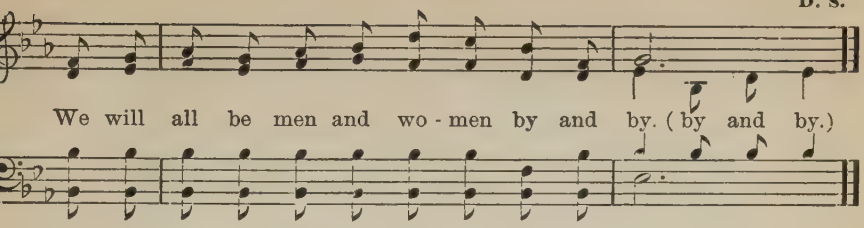
wis-dom here to seek, We will all be men and wo-men by and by.
fore, a - lone to Him, We will all be men and wo-men by and by.
we will hold the sway, We will all be men and wo-men by and by,

quick the mo-ments fly, We will all be men and wo-men by and by.

CHORUS.

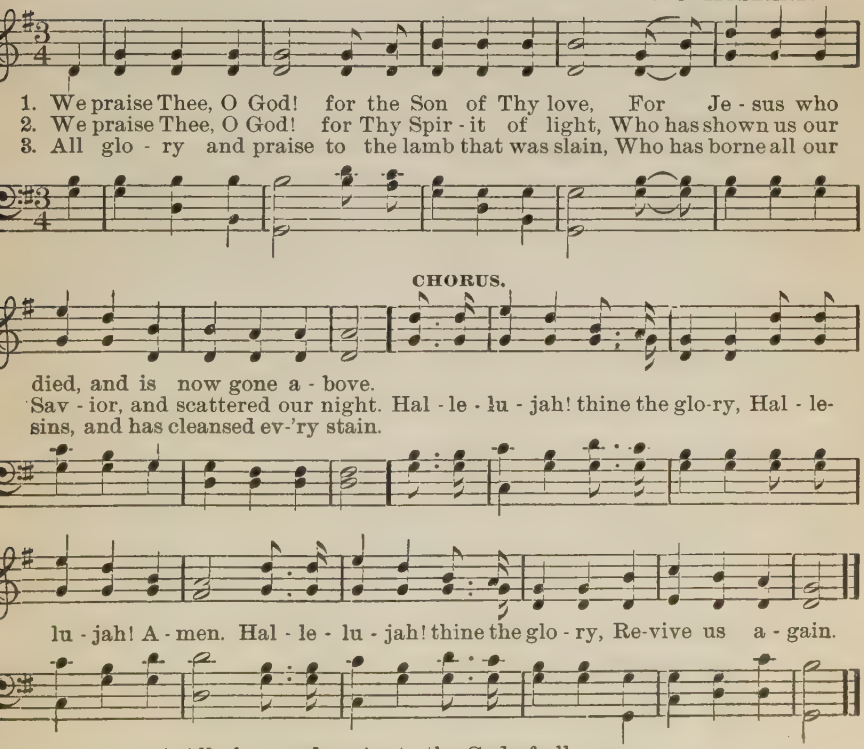
We will all be men and wo - men by and by, (by and by,)

D. S.



WE PRAISE THEE, O GOD.

J. J. HUSBAND.



4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

He Keeps Me.

J. M. J. F. Kinsey.

Moderato.

1. My Sa-vior keeps me day by day, As I go on the nar-row way,
2. His lov-ing care I feel and know Cleansing my heart as white as snow,
3. My days are full of love and song, The end will come — it wont be long,

Guiding my feet lest I should stray, The end will come at last.
And He is with me as I go, The end will come at last.
Then I shall join that gladsome throng, When all life's scenes are past.

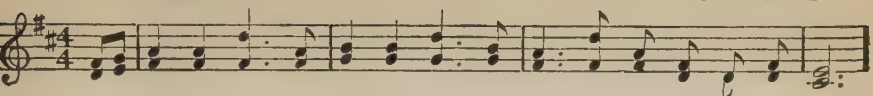
CHORUS.

Then keep me Sav - ior, And ev - 'ry doubt re - move,
Then keep me Sav - ior all the way,

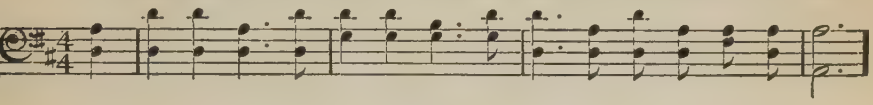
Rit. - - - - -

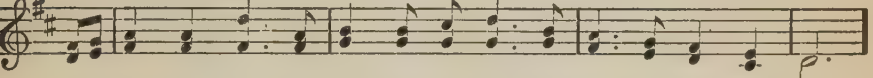
By power di - vine, Lord keep me Thine, Till I reach my home a - bove.

JOHN MCPHERSON. BENJ. E. NILES.

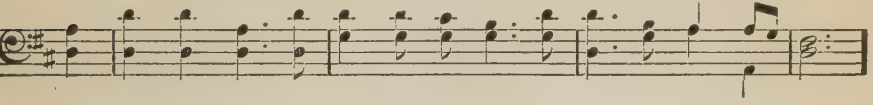


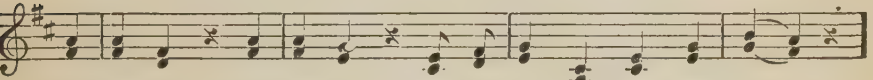
1. I have a Friend, a lov-ing Friend, Who guides and keeps me day by day;
2. His ten-der care will guide my feet, Lest I should stumble on the way;
3. I'll praise His name, long as I live, And then in re-gions far a - way;



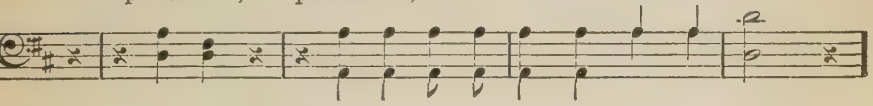


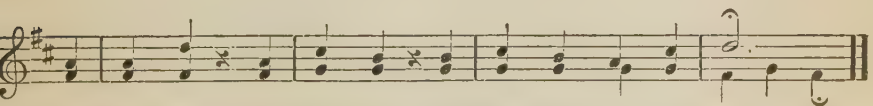
He gives me ev - 'ry joy that I need, From Him I would not stray.
He keeps my lips that they may not e'er, And naught but kind words say.
I still will praise and laud His dear name, For blessings all the way.



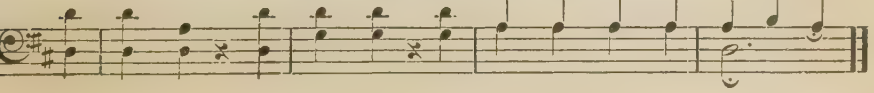


Then praise Him, yes, praise Him, For His might-y cleans - ing pow'r;
praise Him, praise Him,





He saves me, He keeps me, He guides me ev - 'ry hour.
ev - 'ry hour.



SINGING AROUND THE THRONE.

Arr. JAS. CARROLL.

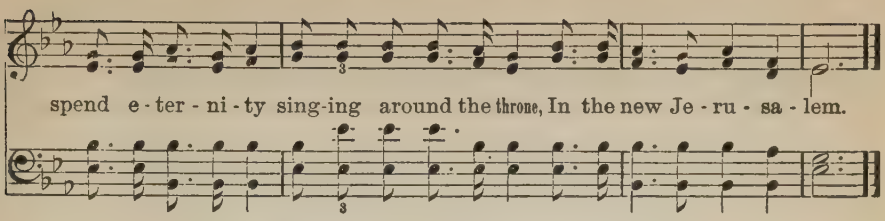
1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross? A foll'wer of the lamb?
2. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
3. Sure I must fight if I would win, In-crease my cour - age, Lord!

And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.

CHORUS.

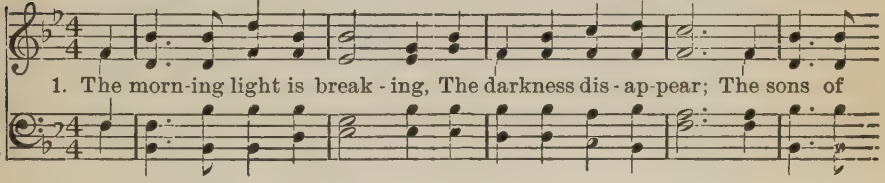
We are go - ing to spend e - ter - ni - ty, Sing-ing a-round the throne,

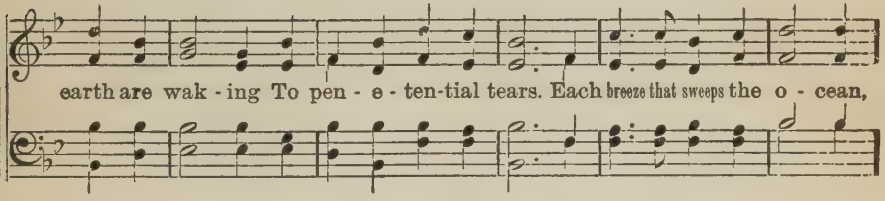
Sing-ing a-round the throne, Singing around the throne, We are go - ing to

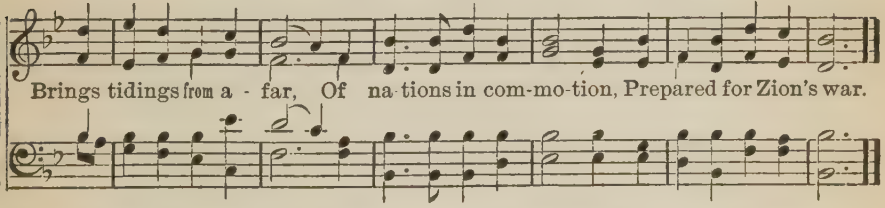


THE LIGHT IS BREAKING.

SAMUEL F. SMITH. GEORGE JAMES WEBB.







2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending,
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey;
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:—
Stay not, till all the lowly,
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come."

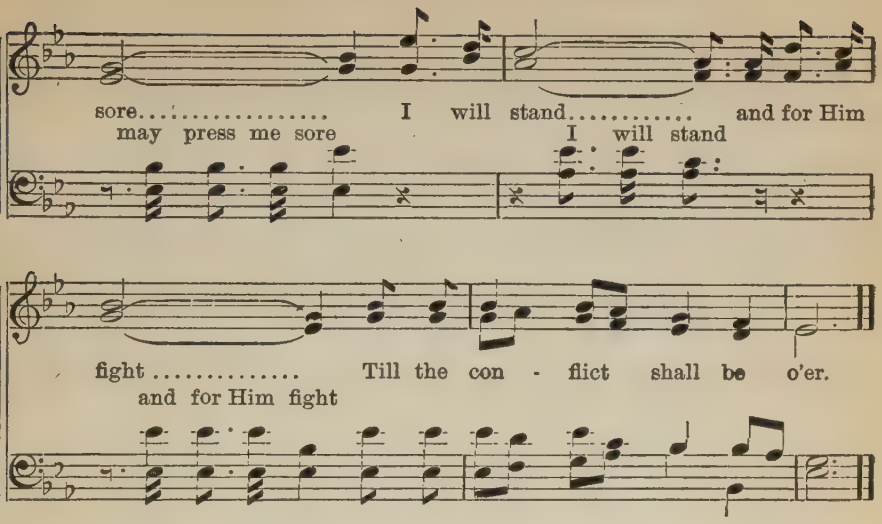
For God and Right.

T. F. F. T. F. Francis.

1. I'll stand for God a - midst the throng, And dare His prom - ise - es pro - claim, E'er from my lips shall flow the song
2. I'll heed not though the world may blame And hurl at me their fi - 'ry darts If on my heart the new blest name
3. My foot - steps shall at His command, Be read - y what - so - e'er the state, I'll dare, I'll do, I'll for Him stand,
4. If ear - ly I shall fall or late, I know I'll find my rest a - bove, Then will I stand for God and wait,

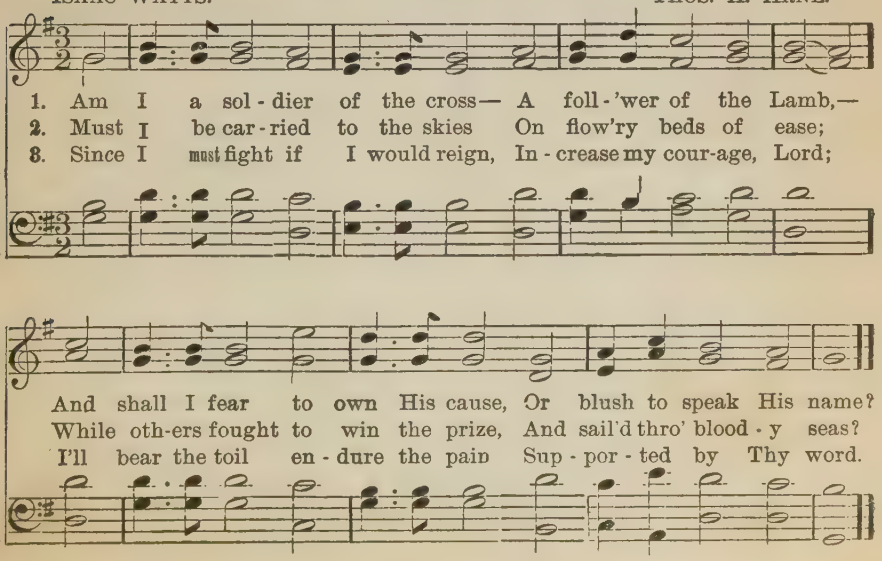
CHORUS.

Of free sal - va - tion in His name. I will stand for God and right ..... Tho' the strife ..... may press me
Is writ, I'm safe in ev - 'ry part. I will stand for God and right Tho' the strife
And fight the bat - tle to the gate.
Cheered by the wonders of His love.



AM I A SOLDIER.

ISAAC WATTS. THOS. A. ARNE.



THE PURE IN HEART.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. Bless - ed are the pure in heart, They our God shall sure - ly see;
2. Such shall see our God we read, We this pre - cious word be - lieve;
3. Yes, we'll see Him as He is, When our spir - it's up - ward fly;

In His king - dom share a part, Saved and cleansed and ful - ly free.
He sup - plies our ev - 'ry need, All His full - ness we re - ceive.
In the heav'n - ly land of bliss, We shall dwell with Him on high.

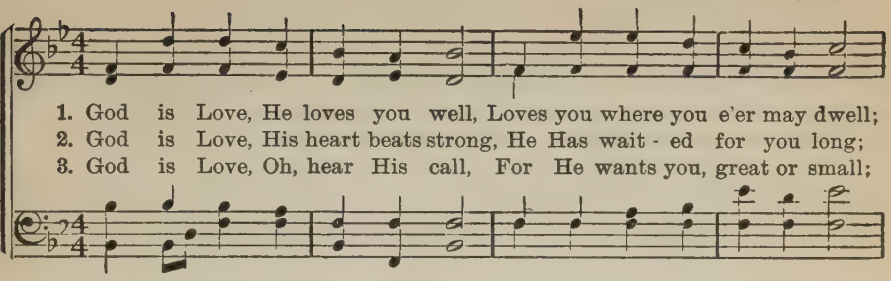
CHORUS.

Bless - ed are the pure in heart, Sanc - ti - fied with - out, with - in;

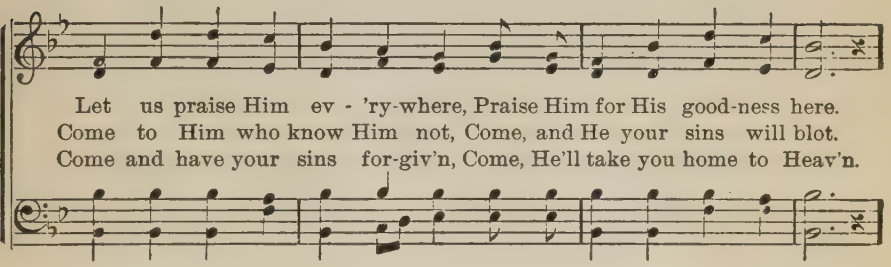
Pur - i - fied in ev - 'ry part, Soul and bo - dy saved from sin.

God Is Love.

Effie D. Kroff.

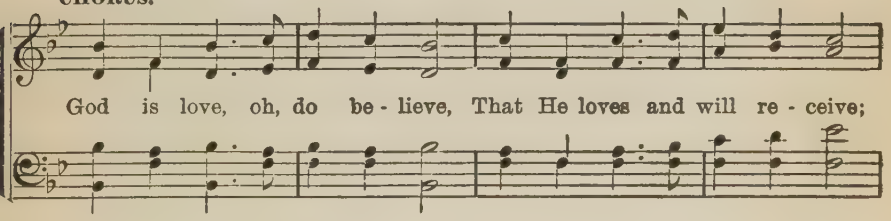


1. God is Love, He loves you well, Loves you where you e'er may dwell;
2. God is Love, His heart beats strong, He Has wait - ed for you long;
3. God is Love, Oh, hear His call, For He wants you, great or small;

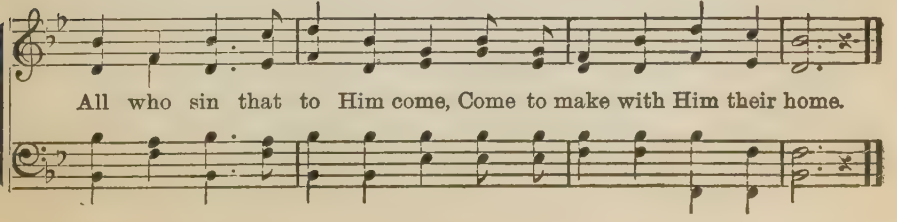


Let us praise Him ev - 'ry-where, Praise Him for His good-ness here.
Come to Him who know Him not, Come, and He your sins will blot.
Come and have your sins for-giv'n, Come, He'll take you home to Heav'n.

CHORUS.



God is love, oh, do be - lieve, That He loves and will re - ceive;



All who sin that to Him come, Come to make with Him their home.

RAINBOW OF PROMISE.

J. W. M. JAMES W. MORRIS.

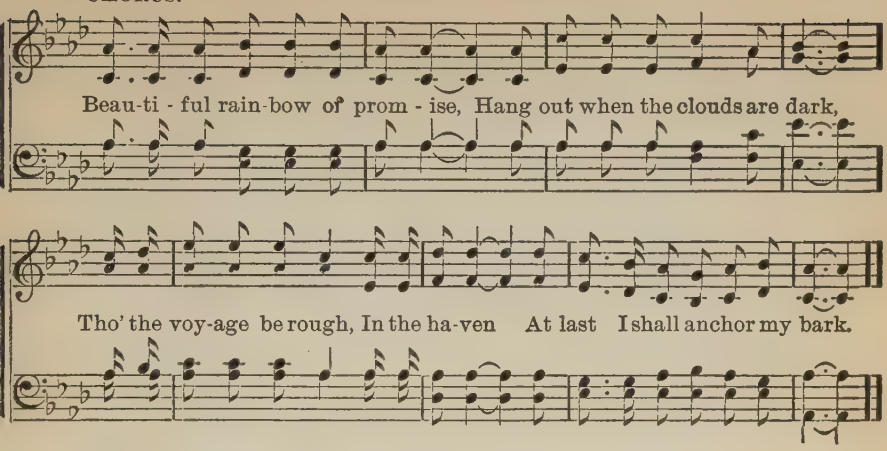
1. I'm out on the o-cean sail - ing, I'm peace-ful-ly sail-ing home;
2. I'm out on the o-cean sail - ing, The voy-age is near-ly o'er;
3. I'm out on the o-cean sail - ing, Thro' rifts in the clouds I see;

I fear not the rag-ing temp-est, I dread not the way un - known.
I fan - cy I hear sweet mu-sic, That's borne from the oth - er shore.
A glimpse of that peaceful ha - ven, And loved ones a-wait - ing me.

When shadows are gath-er - ing round me, And bil-lows roll fierce and high,
The temp-est no long - er as - sails me, The wind whispers soft and low,
Some day in that ha-ven I'll an - chor, And walk with the loved ones I've known,

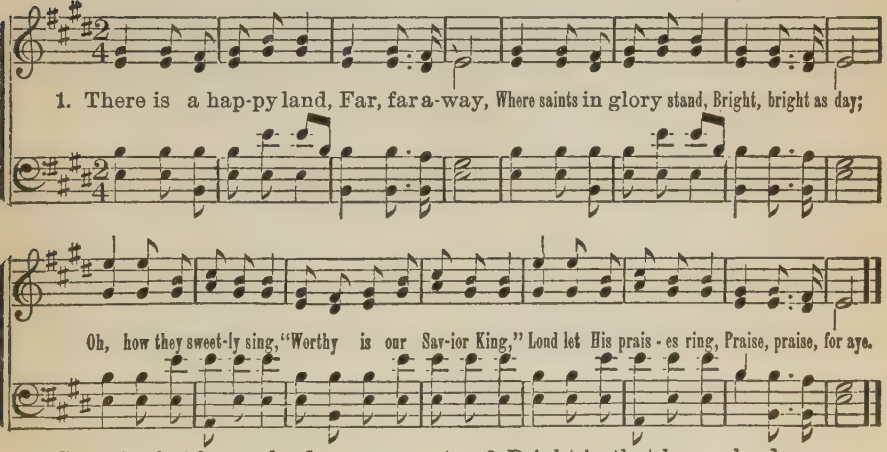
The beau - ti - ful rain-bow of prom - ise, Is seen on the cloud-ed sky.
While spanning the scat-ter-ing stormcloud, Is shin-ing the promised bow.
Where the beau - ti - ful rainbow of splendor, En-cir-cles the great white throne.

CHORUS.



HAPPY LAND.

Arr. by J. F. K.



2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away,
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord we shall dwell with Thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright- above the sun,
We'll reign for aye.

He's Coming Soon.

J. M. Arr. J. M.

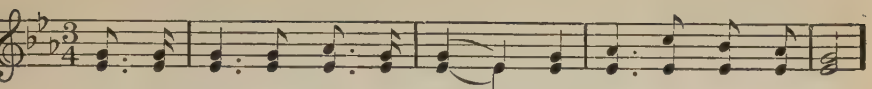
1. Soon will burst the dawn of that per-fect day, Je-sus will come by and by;
2. Keep a mer - ry heart as you trav - el on, Je-sus will come by and by;
3. Oh, the time draws near for the coming King, Je-sus will come by and by;
4. Are you read-y now should He come to-night, Je-sus will come by and by;

And these clouds of doubt all will pass a - way, Je - sus will come by and by.
We will see bright angels and hear their song, Je - sus will come by and by.
Then the mighty hosts will His prais-es sing, Je - sus will come by and by.
Have your garments clean, have them pure and white, Je - sus will come by and by.

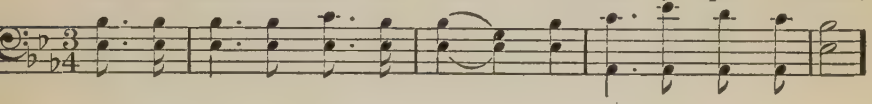
CHORUS.

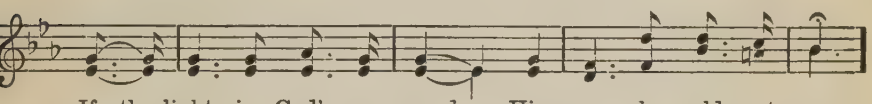
Move a-long, pray a-long, Je - sus will come by and by,
by and by, Let us
move a-long, get read - y for that morning, Je - sus will come by and by.

J. C. McCASLIN. L. M. TILSON.

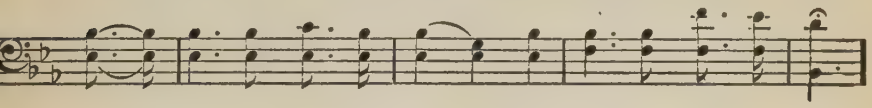


1. Ah, the world with - out the Gos - pel, Would sure in dark - ness be;
2. Gos - pel words are true sal - va - tion, To him who will be - lieve;
3. Gos - pel words are full of God, The Ho - ly Spir - its Sword;

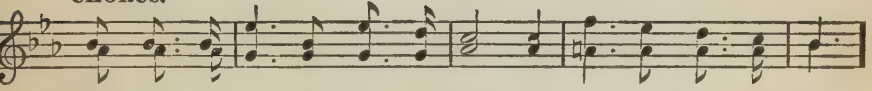




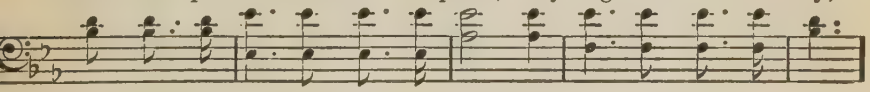
If the light in God's own word, His peo - ple could not see.
Those words are dear and pre-cious, And they will sure re - lieve.
'Twill touch the hard - est heart, This pre-cious Gos - pel word.

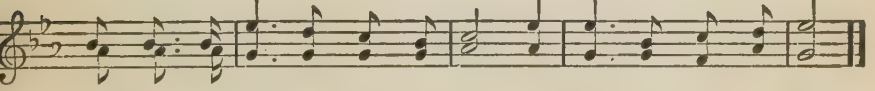


CHORUS.

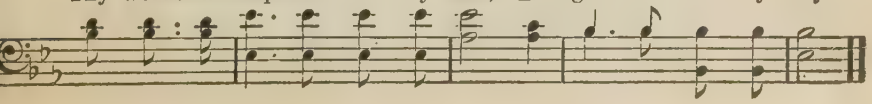


The Gos - pel words are full of pow'r, They ring out clear to - day;





Thy words a lamp un - to my feet, A light un - to my way.



For Me.

J. M. — John McPherson.

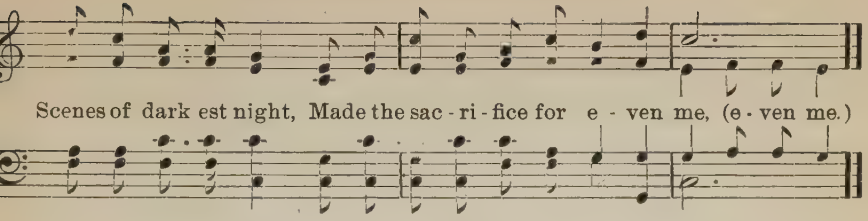
1. When Je - sus left His home a - bove, And died up - on the tree;
2. The Fa - ther sent His on - ly son, Oh, bound-less love so free;
3. He suf-fered shame, dis-grace and death, God said it so must be;
4. A man - sion I shall own at last, Be-yond death's dis - mal sea;

Left love and light for dark - est night, He did it all for me.
To res - cue all from A - dam's fall, To res - cue e - ven me.
The debt is paid, a way is made, And this was all for me.
A home of love in heav'n a - bove, Pre-pared for e - ven me.

CHORUS.

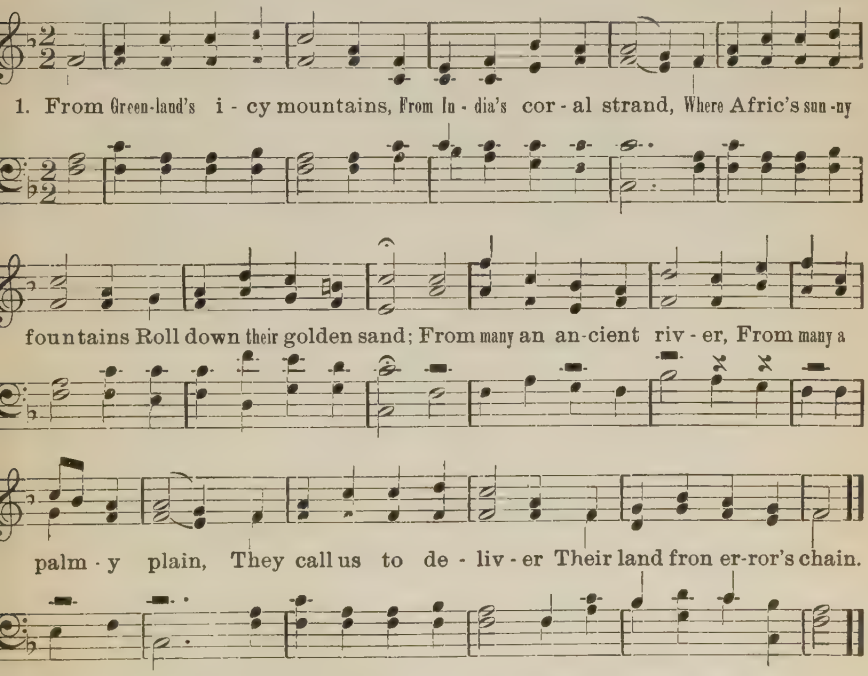
For me, yes, for me, Shed His blood a glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry,

ran-som full and free, Left a world of love and light, For these full and free,



FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

REGINALD HEBER. LOWELL MASON.



2. Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3. Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole.
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

THY NEW, BEST NAME OF LOVE.

C. WESLEY. GEO. BAKER.

1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
2. A heart in ev - 'ry thought re-newed, And full of love di - vine;

A heart that al - ways feels thy blood, So free - ly shed for me.
Per-fect, and right, and pure, and good, A cop - y, Lord of Thine.

A heart re-signed, sub - mis-sive, meek, My great Re - deem - er's throne;
Thy na - ture, gra - cious Lord, im - part, Come quickly from a - bove;

Ritard.

Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
Write thy new name up - on my heart, Thy new, best name of love.

REFRAIN. A tempo.

A heart (resigned) sub-mis-sive, meek, My great (my great) Redeemers throne;
Thy good - (gracious) ness Lord, im-part, Come quick-(quick-ly) ly from a - bove;

Rit.

Where on - ly Christ is heard to speak, Where Je - sus reigns a - lone.
Write Thy new name up - on my heart, Thy new, best name of love.

JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME.

Fine.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's temp-est - uous sea;
D. C.—Chart and compass came from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.

D. C.

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach-erous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

THE ROCK OUR FOUNDATION.

HAZEL HURST. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. Let us firm - ly stand on the Rock of A - ges, When the hosts of
2. There is peace and rest in the day of troub-le, Tho' our tears so
3. Oh, all oth - er ground makes a weak foun - da-tion, On - ly safe - ty
4. Oh, my broth-er, now is the time to trust Him, You can-not af-

sin are near; We are safe se - cure on this strong foundation, And we
free-ly flow; He can soothe the heart that with grief is brok-en, As we
in this rock; Do not build your hopes on such sand - y structure, That can
ford de - lay; For the end - ing day soon may burst up-on you, And the

CHORUS.

nev - er have a fear. Let us stand, firmly stand, on the Rock of A - ges;
jour-ney here be - low.
nev - er stand the shock.
heav-ens pass a - way.

Tho' the dark waves of sin roll at our feet, (roll at our feet,) There is

safe - ty here, not a care or fear, But a rest se-cure and sweet.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

1. When marshaled on the night-ly plain, The glittering host be - stud the sky,

Fine.

One star a - lone of all the train, Can fix the sin-ner's wand'ring eye.
D.S. But one a - lone the Sav - ior speaks, It is the Star of Beth - le - hem.

D. S.

Hark! hark! to God the cho-rus breaks, From ev - 'ry host, from ev - 'ry gem;

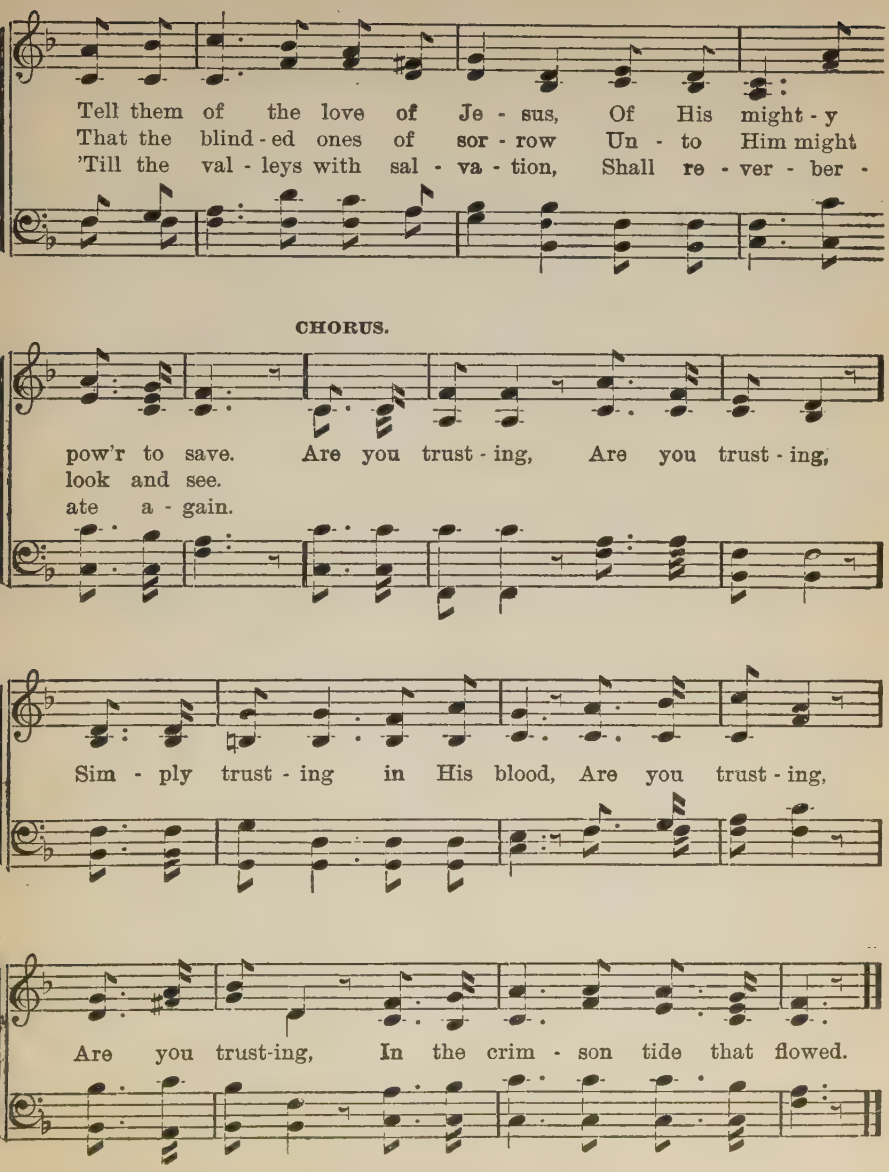
2 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed,
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem!

3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And thro' the storm and danger's thrall
It led me to the port of peace.
Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star, the Star of Bethlehem!

ARE YOU TRUSTING?

PARLIE D. MITCHELL. J. S. BERGEN.

1. Are you wea - ry chris-tian work - er, On the bat - tle field of life? Take the cross of Je - sus with you, It will help you in the strife; Lift on high the gos - pel ban - ner, That the world may see it wave,
2. Are you trust-ing in the Sav - ior? Are you rest - ing in His love? Ev - er march - ing on - ward, up - ward, To that bless - ed home a - bove; Are you trust - ing in the life - blood Je - sus shed on Cal - va - ry?
3. Stand up - on the walls of Zi - on, Loud pro - claim the love of God, How He gave His Son to save us, Save us by His prec - ious blood; Shout the words o'er hill and val - ley, Flash them o'er the ver - dant plain,


Tell them of the love of Je - sus, Of His might - y
That the blind - ed ones of sor - row Un - to Him might
'Till the val - leys with sal - va - tion, Shall re - ver - ber -
CHORUS.
pow'r to save. Are you trust - ing, Are you trust - ing,
look and see.
ate a - gain.
Sim - ply trust - ing in His blood, Are you trust - ing,
Are you trust-ing, In the crim - son tide that flowed.

THE GOSPEL NEWS.

MISS SPRAGUE. M. L. MCINTIRE.

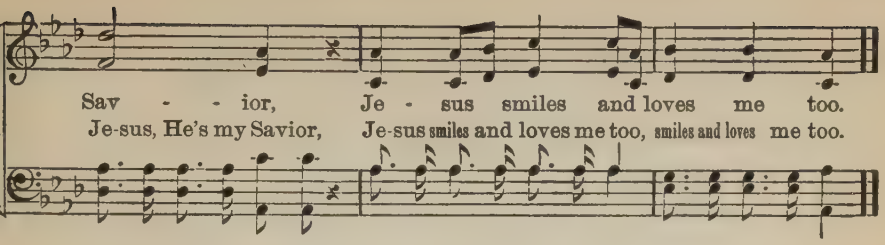
1. Hark! the gos - pel news is sound-ing, Christ has suf-fered on the tree;
2. Grace is flow - ing like a riv - er, Mil-lions there have been supplied;
3. Oh, es - cape to yon - der mountain, Now be - gin to watch and pray;
4. Christ a - lone shall be our por - tion, Soon we hope to meet a - bove;

Streams of mer - cy are a-bound-ing, Grace for all is rich and free.
Still it flows as free as ev - er, From the Sav - ior's wounded side.
Christ in-vites you to the fount-ain, Come and wash your sins a - way.
Then we'll bathe in the full o - cean, Of our great Re-deem - er's love.

CHORUS.

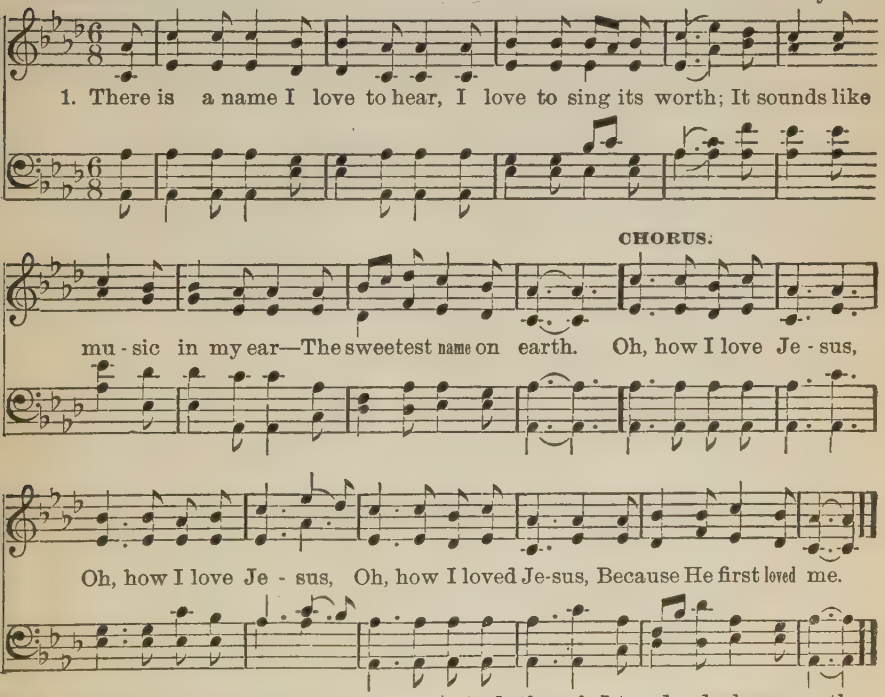
I love Je - - sus, Hal - le - lu - - jah! I
I love Je - sus, Hal-le-lu - jah! I love Je - sus, Hal-le - lu - jah! I love

love Je - sus, yes, I do, I love Je - - sus, He's my
Je-sus, yes, I do, yes, I do, I love Je-sus, He's my Savior, I love



HOW I LOVE JESUS.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD. Old Melody.



2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day;
And, though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One, whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

THE DAY HAS COME.

J. M. JOHN MCPHERSON.

1. O, Thanksgiving Day has come, Let us drive a - way all gloom,
2. We have peace on ev - 'ry hand, Thro' our na - tion bright and grand,
3. Let us praise the might - y God Who has giv'n us such re - ward,

And be thankful un - to God for princely store; He has kept us
And King Je - sus has command from shore to shore; He will lead us
And has filled our homes with blessings rich and rare; May He ev - er

D. S. *O, this guid - ing*

thro' the year, And has filled us all with cheer, Un - till there is
safe - ly on Un - til life's race sure is won, And we all are
on - ward lead, For His guid - ing hand we need, Till we reach the

hand of love is ex - tend - ed from a - bove, Gent - ly lead - ing

Fine CHORUS.

scarcely a - ny room for more. O, the day has come a - gain,
housed in peace for ev - er - more.
gold - en cit - y ov - er there.

us a - cross life's changeful sea.

D.S.

Let us sing a mer - ry strain For our Fa - ther's bless-ings all a-round we see.

WHEN I READ THAT SWEET STORY.

Arr. by J. F. K.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with Him then.
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, That His arm had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
3. In that beau - ti - ful place He has gone to prepare For all who are washed and for - giv'n And ma - ny dear chil - dren are gath - er - ing there "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."

LEAD ME TO THE ROCK.

Dr. D. L. COWDEN.
Arr. by J. F. K.

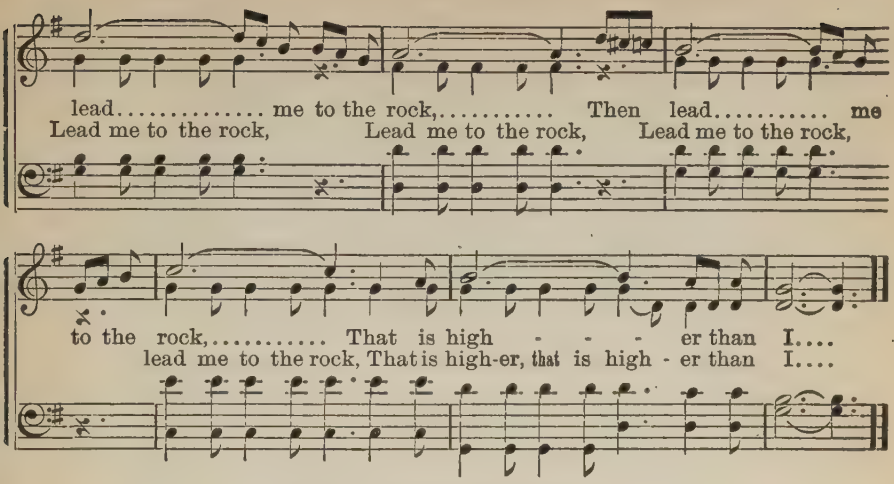
Moderato.

1. In sea - sons of grief to my God I'll re-pair, When my heart is o'er-whelmed with sor - row and care; From the ends of the earth un - to
2. When Sa-tan, my foe, com-eth in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the fount - ain of God, I will pray to my Sav - ior who
3. And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies, When the dead from the dust of the earth shall a - rise, With mil - lions I'll join far a-

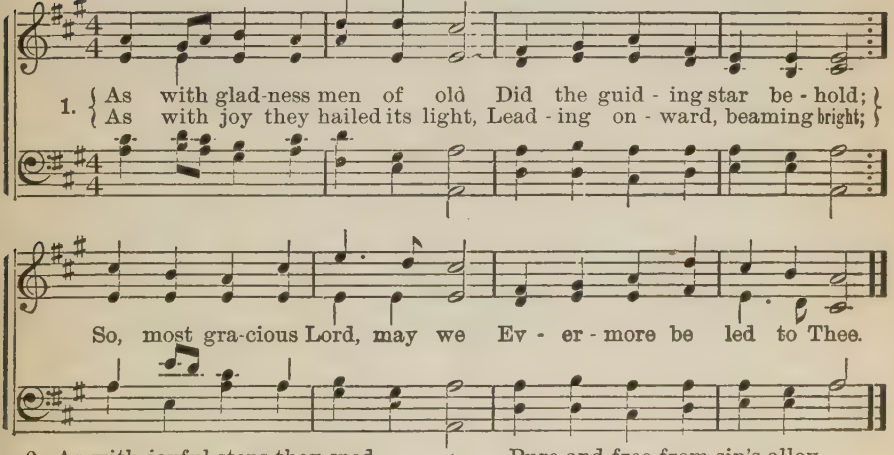
Him I will cry,—Lead me to the rock that is high - er than I.
kind - ly did die,—Lead me to the rock that is high - er than I.
bove yon - der sky,—Look un - to the rock that is high - er than I.

CHORUS.

Then lead..... me to the rock,..... Then
Lead me to the rock, Lead me to the rock,



THE GUIDING STAR.



2. As with joyful steps they sped,
Saviour, to thy manger bed,
There to bend the knee before
Thee whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3. As they offered gifts most rare
At thy cradle rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ, too thee our heavenly King.

4. Holy Jesus, every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

WE WILL TELL OF CHRIST OUR KING.

C. M. B. CHAS. M. BLISS.

1. We will tell of Christ our Lord and King, And His prais - es we will
2. We will speak of all His wondrous love, How He came from heav'n a-

sing, And His name we will a - dore, For He reigns for ev - er - more.
bove; How He trod life's path-way drear, Bringing life and hope and cheer.

CHORUS.

Come and join in our song, And His praise we'll pro-long;
Come and join in our song, And His praise we'll prolong;

And with joy we will sing, Of the Christ our Savior, Lord and King.
And with joy we will sing,

WE'LL SOUND THE JUBILEE.

(A MISSION SONG.)

WM. M. BELL, D. D. J. F. KINSEY.

Maestoso.

1. To thee, O Land, so dark, but dear, We greet - ing send thy heart to cheer!
2. Dark clouds hung o'er thee like a pall, No hope was left to great or small,
3. Long didst thou live in mis - er - y, Now all the na-tions look to thee;

We slaves made thine and did thee ill, We'll bear thee Christ with heart and will.
For vice and sin long had full sway, Nor couldst thou go the up - ward way.
Thy star of hope has ris - en high, God, thy sal - va - tion com-eth nigh.

CHORUS. Con Spirito.

Then roll ....on. ....roll .... on. Roll on our greetings, o'er the sea,
Then roll on, roll on, roll on, roll on the sea,

Then roll on, roll on, Roll on we'll sound the ju - bi - lee.....
Then roll on, roll on, roll on, roll on, roll on.

PASSING THRO' THE SHADOWS.

HAZEL HURST. JOHN MCPHERSON.

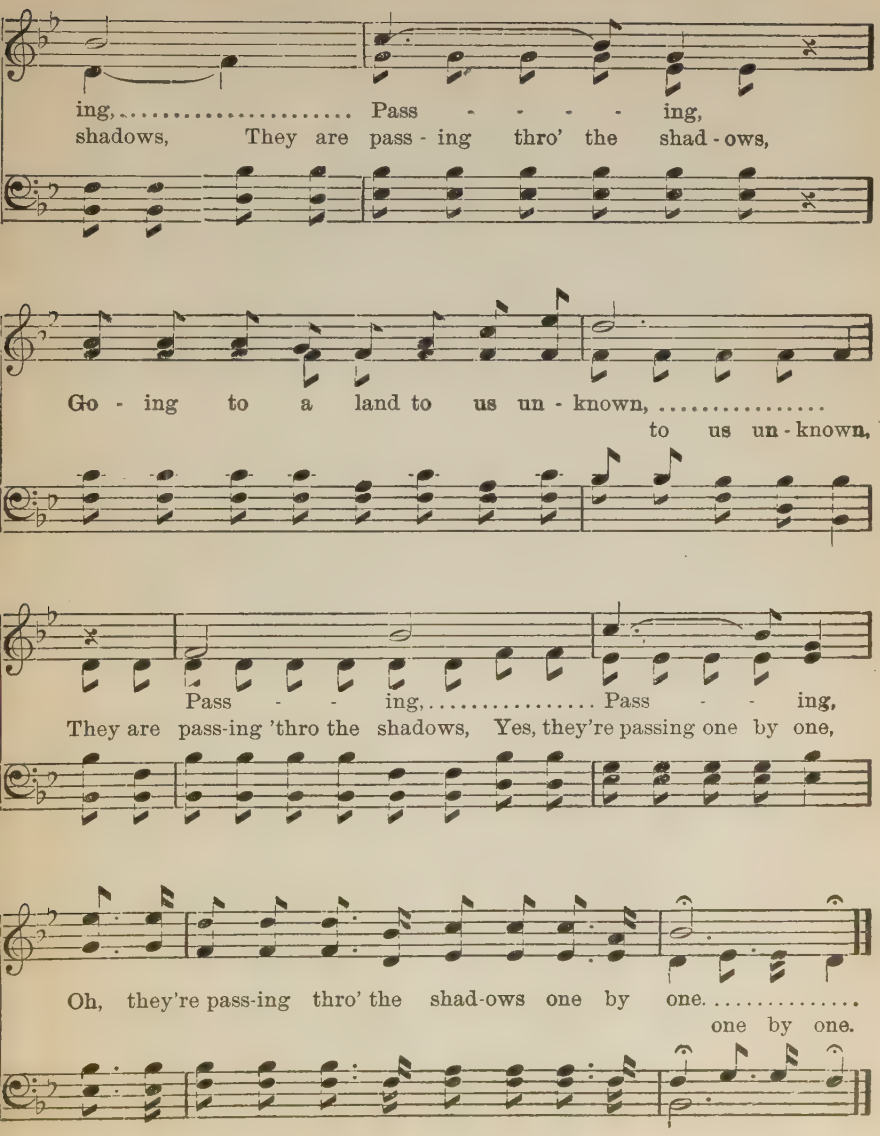
1. They are pass - ing thro' the sha-dows one by one, And this
2. We will miss their cheer - y pres - ence ev - 'ry day, As we
3. We must brush a - side these tears and trav - el on, Till we

life, with all its cares, with them is done, They have
trav - el thro' this life — a wear - y way, Tho' our
all shall reach that land of shout and song, In that

gone to scenes a - far where the hap - py an - gels are,
tears flow free and fast, we shall meet a - gain at last,
love - lit sun - ny clime we shall meet a - gain some time,

CHORUS.

And the gol - den crown is won.
From them nev - er more to stray. Pass - - -
And 'twill not be ver - y long Passing thro' the


ing, ... Pass - - - - ing,
shadows, They are pass - ing thro' the shad - ows,
Go - ing to a land to us un - known, ...
to us un - known,
Pass - - ing, ... Pass - - ing,
They are pass-ing 'thro the shadows, Yes, they're passing one by one,
Oh, they're pass-ing thro' the shad-ows one by one. .....
one by one.

WE'LL SEE THEM COMING IN.

J. S. BITLER. MRS. J. S. BITLER.

1. Our kin-dred and our neigh-bors, Will lay a-side their la-bors,
2. We'll see the lame and sight-less The mighty and the mightless,
3. The bat - tle fought and end - ed Our voic-es will be blended,

The wear - y path of life be left be - hind,.....
And those who suf - fered much on earth be - low, ...
A - round the glo - rious throne of God on high,.....

And ris - ing o'er their sor - row, Will greet the glad to - morrow,
From homes of woe and sad - ness, To homes of joy and glad-ness,
And then we shall for - ev - er Sing prais - es to the Sav-ior,

In joys be - yond the reach of mor - tal mind.
We'll wel - come them in robes as white as snow.
Who died that we might live a - bove the sky.

CHORUS.

We'll see them com - ing in, We'll see them com - ing in,

Out of dark-ness in - to light, We'll see them com-ing in,

And in gar-ments pure and white, We'll greet the saints in light,

Hal - le - lu - jah, We shall see them coming in.

coming in.

This hymn was suggested by one of Rev. Sam Jones' sermons in which he said he would like to stand at the gates and "see them come in for the first hundred years after getting to heaven."

THERE IS REST IN JESUS' ARMS.

MALE VOICES.

NEVA PARKHILL PRENTICE. M. L. BARTLETT.

1. I have stood up - on the moun-tain, Where the sun-light soft-ly gleams,
2. I have wandered 'mid the brightness, And the joy and pomp of earth,
3. Where the mount of Zi - on waits me, And the foun-tains flow so fair,

I have wandered where the fountains Poured their sparkling crys - tal streams;
I have felt its bliss and lightness, Felt its sor - row and its dearth,
Where the songs of an - gels greet me, With a ten - der, wel - come air,

And I said, O, heart, so wea - ry, Earth and sun-light hath its charms,
And I said, O, heart, so lone - ly, Vain its beau - ty and its charms,
Ceased for aye, the old - en sor - row, Si-lenced all the old a - larms,

But the soul so wounded weary, Finds its rest in Je - sus' arms.
Faith for thee can whisper on - ly, "There is rest in Je - sus' arms."
There my soul may on - ly borrow, Rest in Je - sus' wait - ing arms.

REFRAIN.

There is rest, - - - There is rest, There is rest,

There is rest, There is rest,

There is rest in Je - sus' arms, There is rest,

There is rest in Je - sus' arms, There is rest,

There is rest,

There is rest, There is rest, There is rest in Je - sus' arms.

O FOR A CLOSER WALK.

1. O for a clos - er walk with God, A calm and heav'n-ly frame; A
2. Where is the bless - ed - ness I knew; When first I saw the Lord? Where

light to shine up - on the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
is the soul re-faesh-ing view Of Je - sus and His word? Of Je - sus and His word?

GUIDE US, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH.

(MIXED QUARTETT.) H. H. PETERSEN.

Moderato.

1. Guide us, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Saints un - to the
2. O - pen, Je - sus, Zi - on's fountains, Let her rich - est
3. When the earth be - gins to trem - ble, Bid our fear - ful

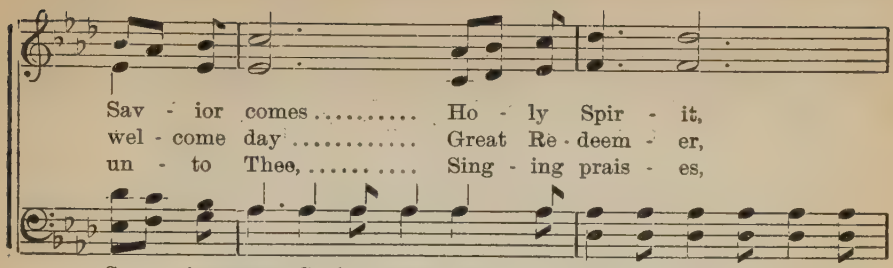
prom - ised land! We are weak, But Thou art a - ble, Hold us
bless - ings come, Let the fi - 'ry cloud - y pil - lar Guard us
tho'ts be still, When Thy judgements spread de-struction, Keep us

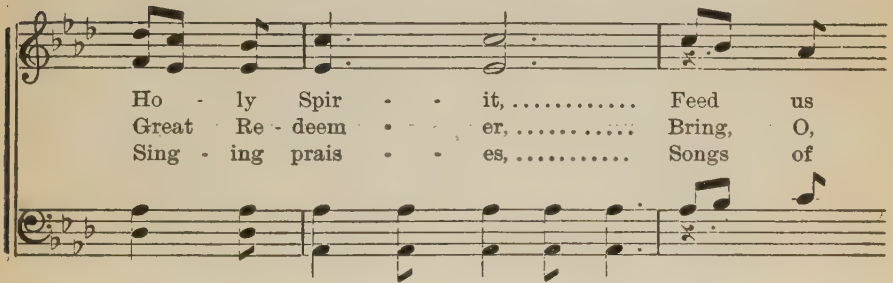
with Thy pow'rful hand. Ho - ly Spir - it, ...
to this Ho - ly home. Great Re - deem - er .....
safe on Zi - on's hill. Sing - ing prais - es .....

Ho - ly Spir - it
Great Redeem - er
Singing prais-es

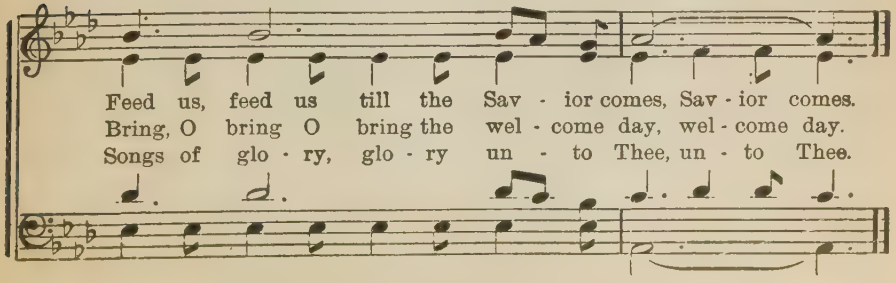
Ho - ly Spir - it, Feed us till the .....
Great Re - deem - er, Bring, O bring the .....
Sing - ing prais - es, Songs of glo - ry .....

Ho - ly Spir - it, Feed us, feed us till the
Great Re - deem - er, Bring, O bring O bring the
Sing - ing prais - es, Songs of glo - ry glo - ry



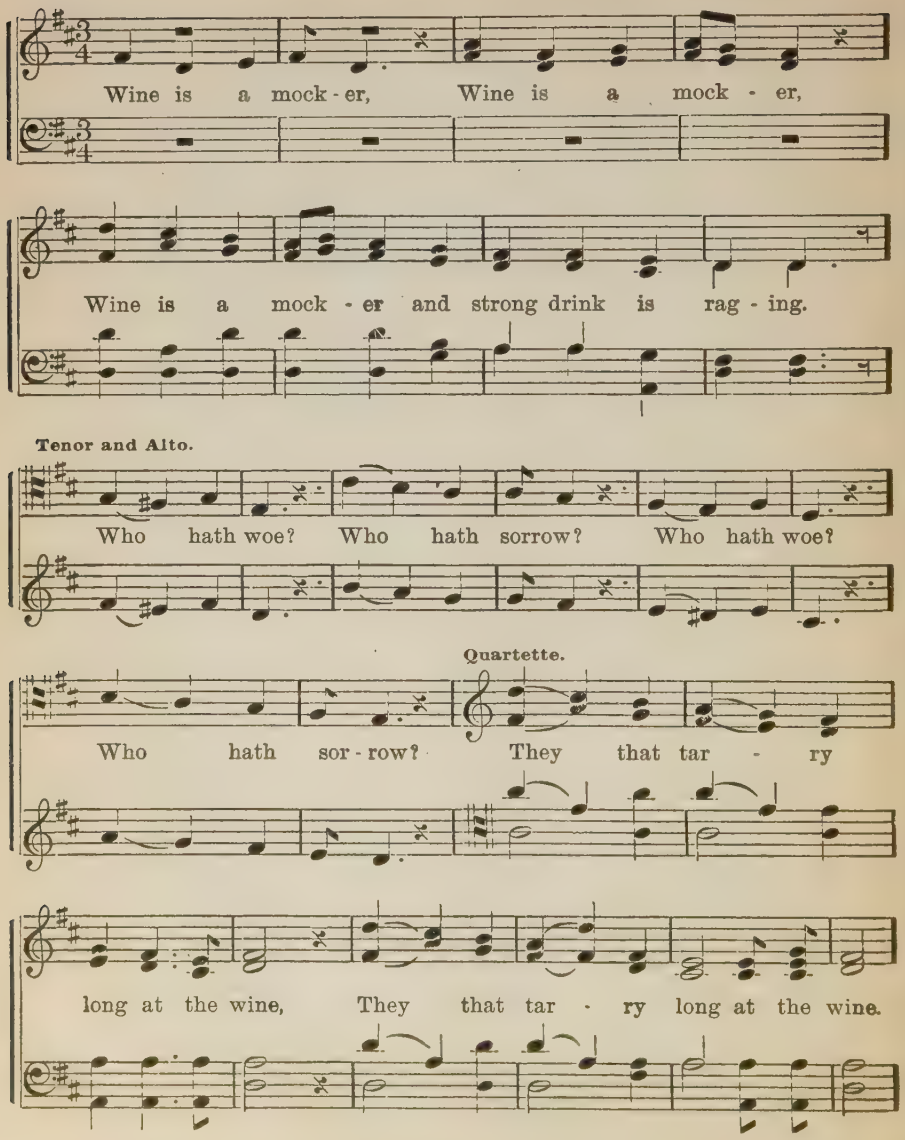


till the ..... Sav - ior comes, Sav - ior comes.
bring the ..... wel - come day, wel - come day.
glo - ry ..... un - to Thee, un - to Thee.



Look Thou Not Upon the Wine.

Nettie Bacon Christian.



CHORUS.

Look thou not up - on the wine when it is red, ...
Look thou not up - on the wine when it is red,

Look thou not up - on the wine when it is red, ...
Look thou not up - on the wine when it is red,

1. When it giv - eth its col - or in the cup; .....
2. When it mov-eth its - self a - right; .....
When it giv - eth its col - or in the cup;
When it mov - eth its - self a - right;

Look not thou up - on the wine, For at the last, at the last,
Look not thou up - on the wine,

It bi - teth like a ser - pent and stingeth like an ad - der,

It bi - teth like a ser - pent and sting - eth like an ad - der,

like an ad - der. Then look thou not up - on the wine,

ff Rit.

Look thou not up - on the wine, Look thou not up - on the wine.

ELEMENTS OF MUSIC.

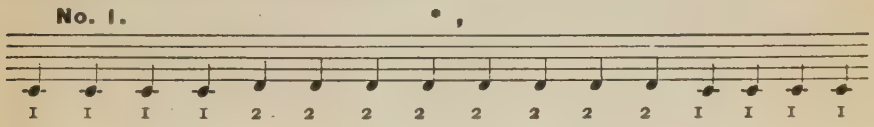
On the following pages we give twelve lessons in the Elements of Music. It is essential that all singers understand something at least about the first steps of music-reading, and by the practice of these lessons much information of a practical value may be obtained.

PROGRESSIVE STUDIES.

LESSON ONE.

Before singing No. 1, introduce tones 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; also giving each tone a syllable name. *Do* is applied to tone 1, *Re* to tone 2; *Mi* to tone 3; *Fa* to tone 4; and *Sol* to tone 5. We use these numerals as a stepping stone. In their stead we use a character called a NOTE. Represent the Standard Staff and the numerals and syllables upon it thus far learned.

No. 1.



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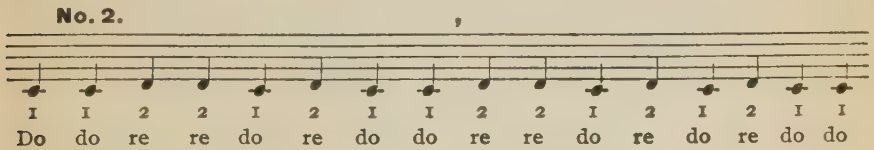

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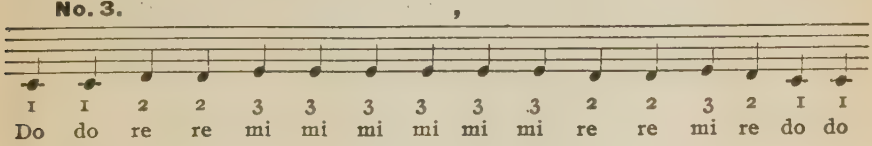

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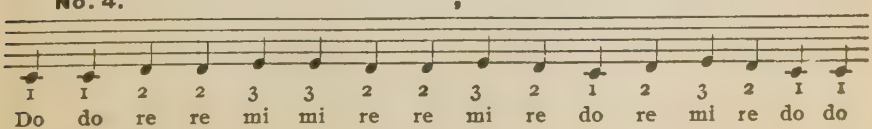

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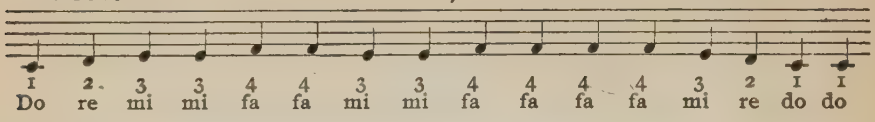

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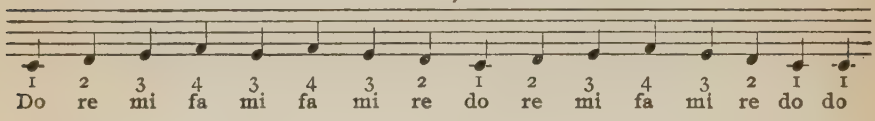

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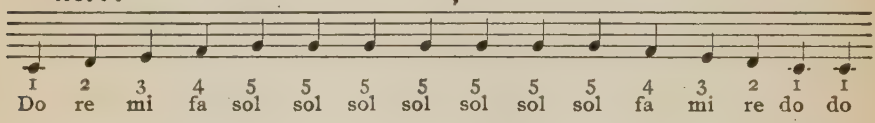

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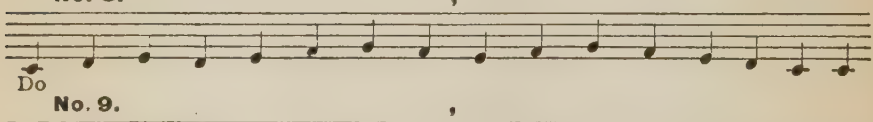

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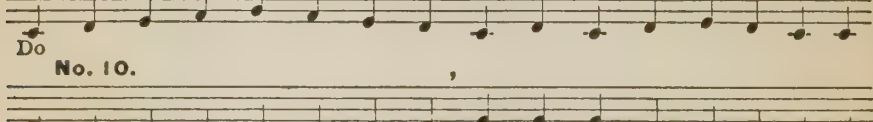

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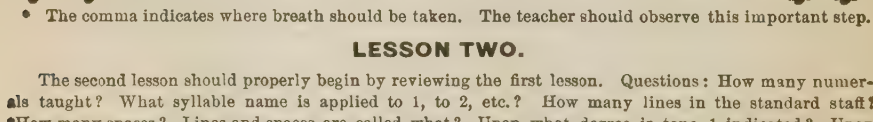
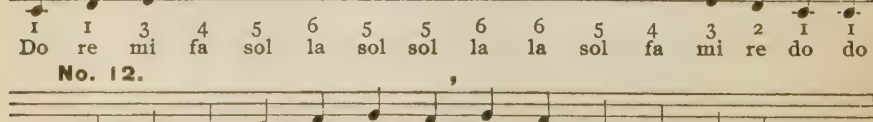


* The comma indicates where breath should be taken. The teacher should observe this important step.

LESSON TWO.

The second lesson should properly begin by reviewing the first lesson. Questions: How many numerals taught? What syllable name is applied to 1, to 2, etc.? How many lines in the standard staff? *How many spaces? Lines and spaces are called what? Upon what degree is tone 1 indicated? Upon what degree is tone 2 indicated? etc. Introduce tones 6, 7, and 8, and give each tone a syllable name. 6 is called la, 7 is called ti, and 8 do. State that these eight tones form the alphabet and foundation of our musical science, which is called the *Diatonic Scale.*

No. 11.



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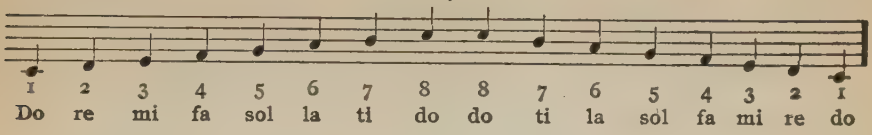
No. 13.



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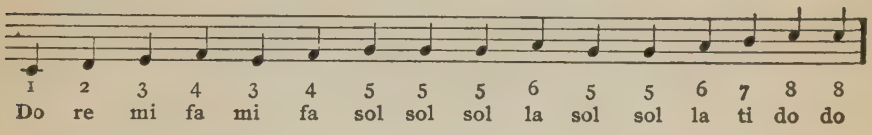

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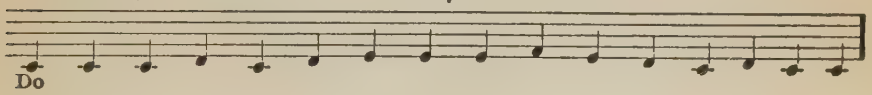

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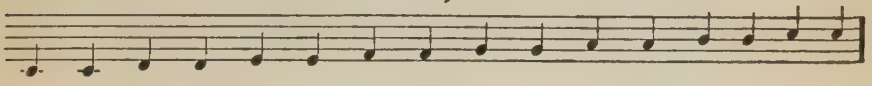

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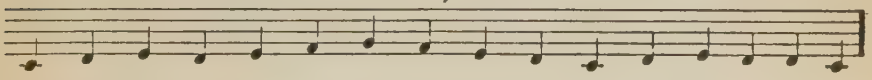

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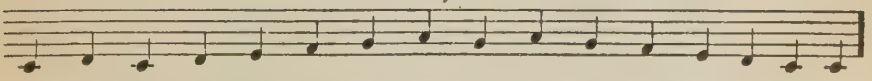


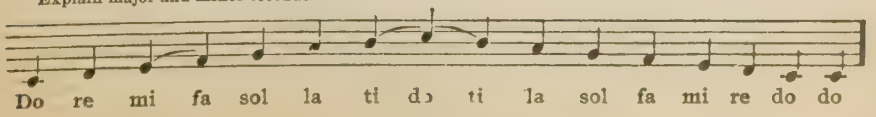
*When the staff was first formed it consisted of eleven long lines; but later, musicians learned that this confused beginners, and reduced the middle long line to a short added or ledger line, as it is often called. This is why we represent do upon the short line instead of representing it upon the first long line of the staff. The standard staff consists of five long lines and their corresponding spaces, which are six.

LESSON THREE.

Each succeeding lesson should begin with a short review. Always go from the known to the unknown. Questions: What is the Diatonic Scale? *Class if I name the degree you name the syllable, and if I name the syllable you name the degree. The teacher should then go to the instrument and play the pitches already learned, having the class to name them by syllable name. The teacher should play very slowly and make no skips. This ear-training should be practiced every lesson if only a few minutes. Good results will follow careful ear-training.

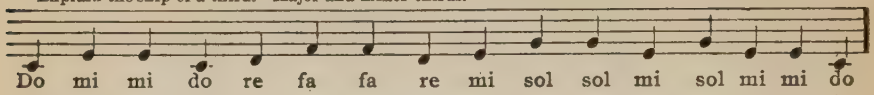
No. 19.

Explain major and minor seconds.



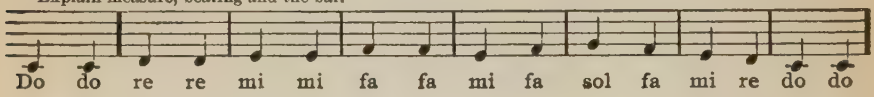
No. 20.

Explain the skip of a third. Major and minor thirds.



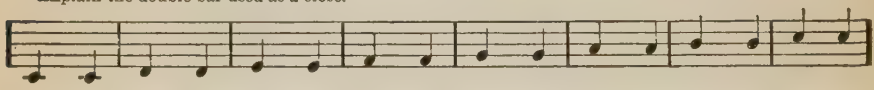
No. 21.

Explain measure, beating and the bar.

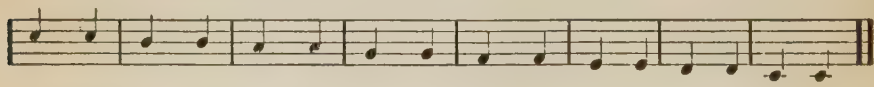


No. 22.

Explain the double bar used as a close.

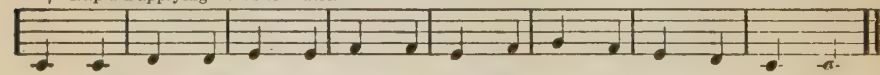


NOTE — It is much better to designate the beats by motion of the hand than to count as in instrumental music. Let the teacher observe this important step.



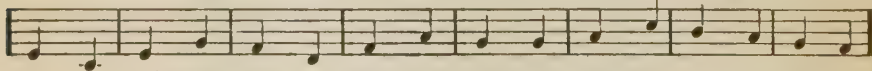
No. 23.

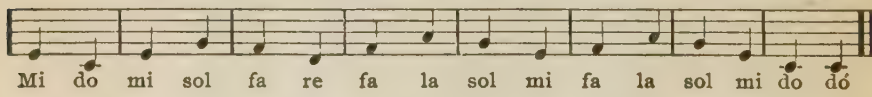
† Explain applying words to music.



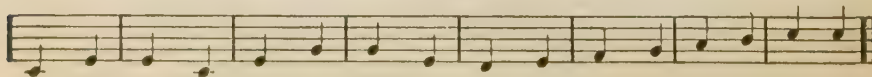
No. 24.

NOTE — No. 24 is the first exercise that has begun with a different syllable than do. The teacher should sing Do and then have the class sing Mi.





No. 25.



* Further questions are left to the discretion of the teacher.

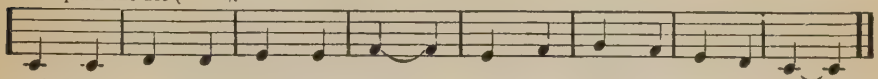
† Rule — Apply one syllable of the words to each note of the music.

LESSON FOUR.

Review Major and Minor Seconds. Major and Minor Thirds. Measure and Beating. Repeat the rule for applying words to music. Review all the exercises in lesson three, and then proceed with the new lesson. The teacher may use his discretion, and ask such questions, in the review as may seem necessary. Of course, ask only what has been taught. Introduce the Chord of Do.*

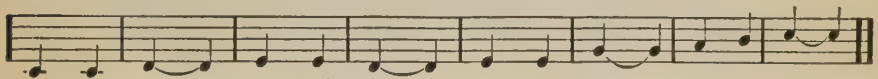
No. 26.

Explain the Tie ( ).

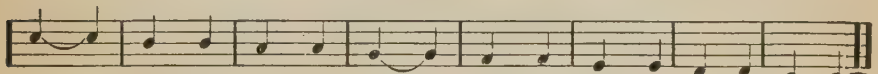


Do do re re mi mi fa - - - mi fa sol fa mi re do - - -
While we sing we all should try, Learn the of - fice of a tie.

No. 27.



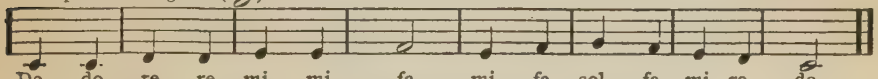
Do do re - - - mi mi re - - - mi mi sol - - - la ti do - - -



Do - - - ti ti la la sol - - - fa fa mi mi re re do - - -

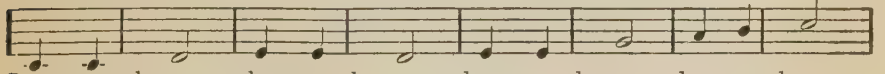
No. 28.

Explain the long note ( )

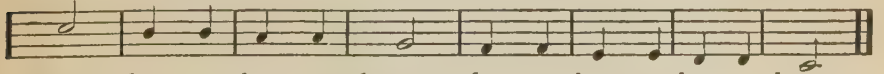


Do do re re mi mi fa mi fa sol fa mi re do
Down up down up down up down up down up down up down up down up down up

No. 29.



Down up down up down up down up down up down up down up down up down up

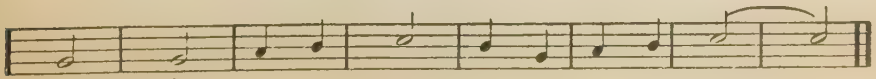


Down up down up down up down up down up down up down up down up down up

No. 30.

Call the class's attention to the first two notes that are connected with the tie. How many pulses and beats will this tone receive?

Sol - - - - - mi re do re mi fa mi re - - - - -

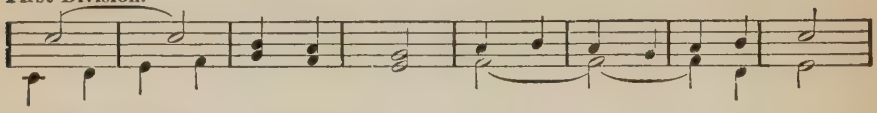


sol - - - - - la ti do ti sol la ti do - - - - -

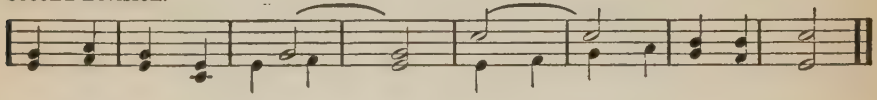
No. 31.

Expialn First and Second Division.

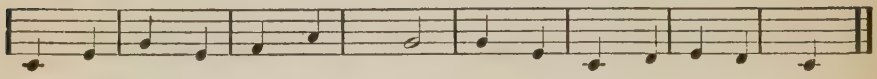
First Division.



Second Division.

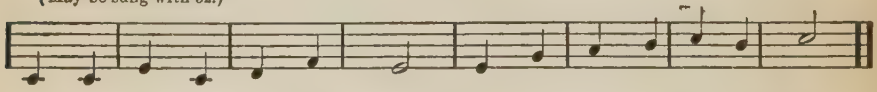


No. 32.



No. 33.

(May be sung with 32.)



*Have the class sing "one," "three," and "five." Having done so, tell them to choose one of the three tones; then have them sing what they have chosen. The effect, when three tones are sung at the same time is called a Chord. A Chord is named from its first Member. What syllables constitute the chord of "Do?" "Do, Mi, Sol." A good effect can be secured by having all the gentlemen and ladies who can't sing high, sing "Do." The remainder of the ladies sing "Mi." The remainder of the gentlemen sing "Sol."

LESSON FIVE.

Always begin each lesson by having the class sing "Do." The teacher should play middle C and compare pitches. Review the Tie, Long Note, and review Nos. 26, 28, 30, 31, 32, and 33. After having explained No. 34, question the class before singing the exercise. What is the name of the first note? Where indicated? How many pulses does it receive? What motion of the hand does the first pulse receive? Is the first pulse strong or weak? Where is the second note indicated, etc.? Introduce the Chord of Re.

No. 34.

Explain the Skip of a Fourth.

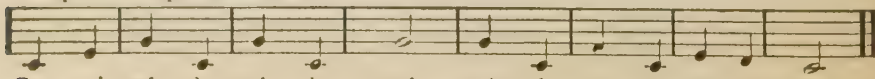
Do re do do do mi do do do fa do fa do fa do do

No. 35.

Mi re do do fa do fa do mi do fa do

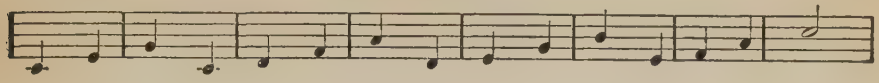
No. 36.

Explain the Skip of a Fifth.

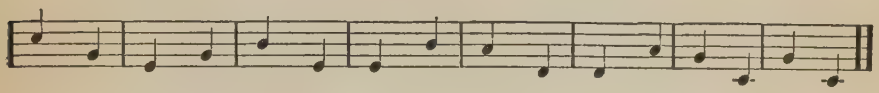


Do mi sol do sol do sol sol do fa do mi re do

No. 37.

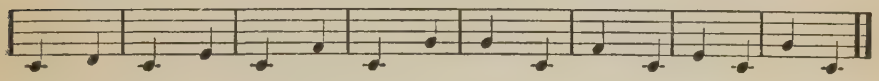


Do mi sol do re fa la re mi sol ti mi fa la do



do sol mi sol ti mi mi ti la re re la sol do sol do

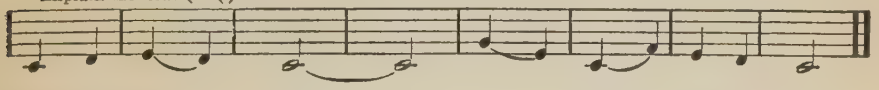
No. 38.



QUESTIONS — How many notes in the first measure? How many notes in the second measure? Are the first and second measures represented alike, or are they different? How do they differ?

No. 39.

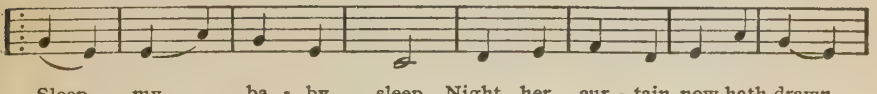
Explain the Slur (⌒)



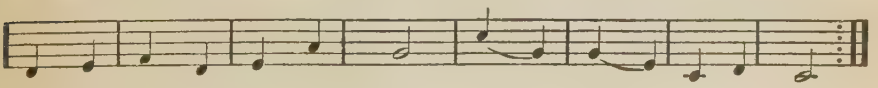
Wel - come May - - Day - - - - Oh - - How - - glad and gay.

No. 40.

Explain Repeat.



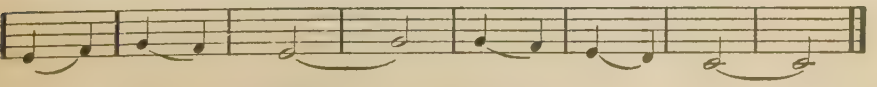
Sleep, my ba - by sleep, Night her cur - tain now hath drawn.



Stars come twink - ling one by one, Sleep my ba - by, sleep.

No. 41.

Ah E O - - - - Ah O E - - - -

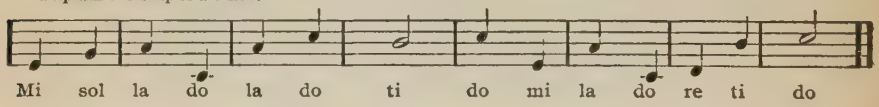


O E Ah - - E O Ah - - -

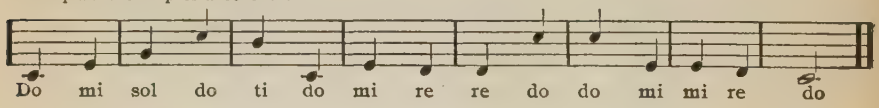
LESSON SIX.

Review all the new points in Lesson Five. Have the class sing the scale ascending and descending by syllable names, Loo, E. A, and Ah, having the tones well connected. Don't let the class sing too loudly. Sing very softly, and then a little louder. Never twice the same way. By so doing a new interest is awakened. When interest is lost, all is lost. Many teachers talk too much. Only a minute is needed to introduce each exercise. Keep the class busy, not too long at one kind of work. Introduce the "Chord of Mi."

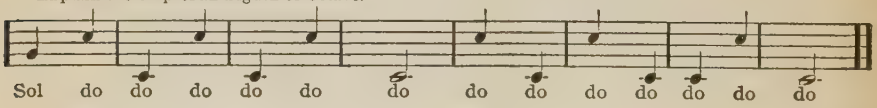
No. 42.
Explain the Skip of a Sixth.



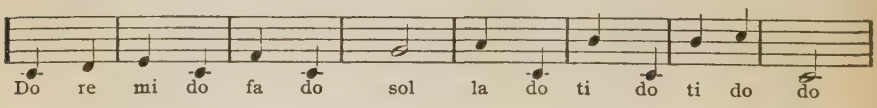
No. 43.
Explain the Skip of a Seventh.

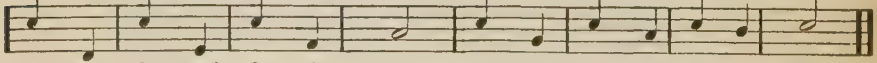


No. 44.
Explain the Skip of an Eighth or Octave.

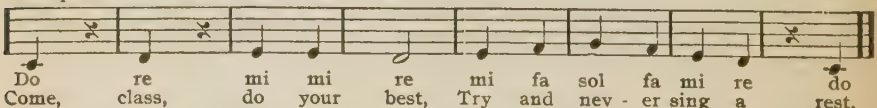


No. 45.

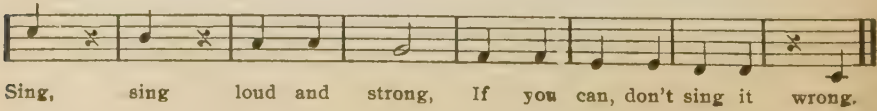




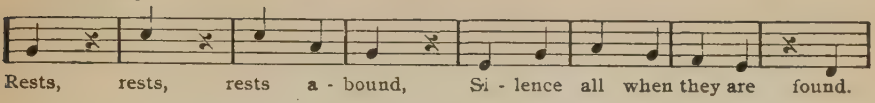
No. 46.
Explain the Short Rest.

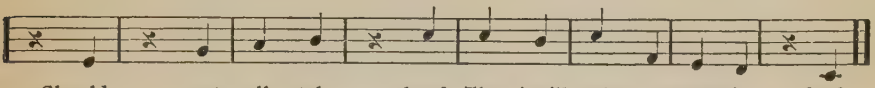


No. 47.



No. 48.





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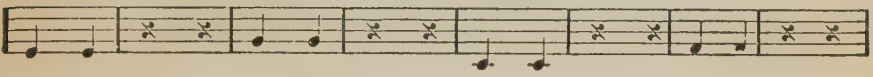
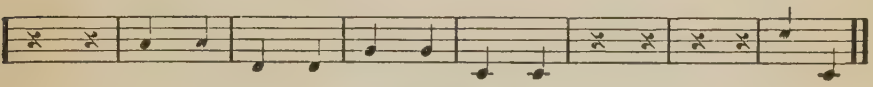


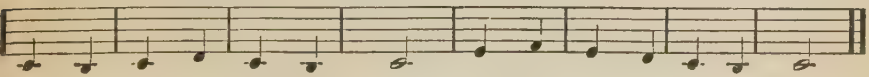


LESSON SEVEN.

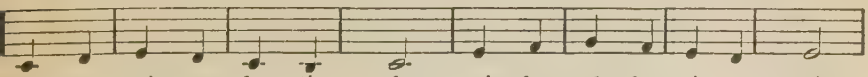
After having sung Do, and the teacher compared the pitch the class sang, with the pitch C, he then should review Nos 42, 43 44, 46, 47, etc., before beginning with Lesson Seven. The teacher, after having taught the first lesson, should begin each succeeding lesson by reviewing the previous lesson or lessons, or important points. Don't sing all the exercises in each lesson. Omit a few for the class to practice at home. Use every possible plan to interest the class. Introduce the Chord of Fa.

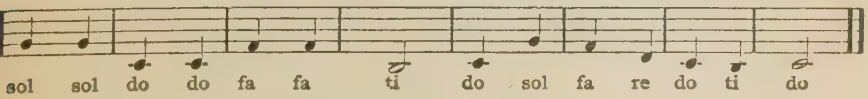
No. 50.

Explain the extension of the scale downward.



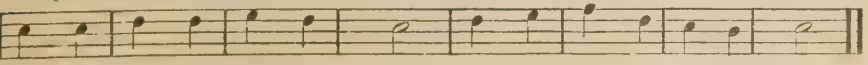
No. 51.



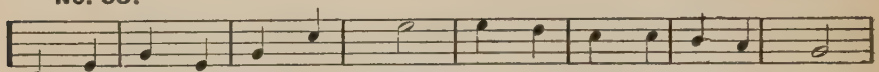


No. 52.

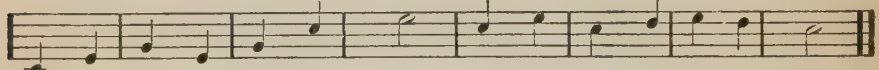
Explain the extension of the scale upward.



No. 53.



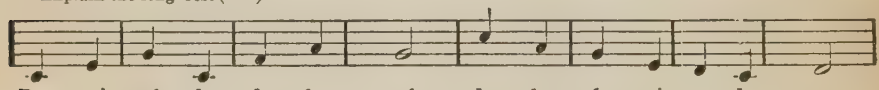
Do mi sol mi sol do mi mi re do do ti la sol



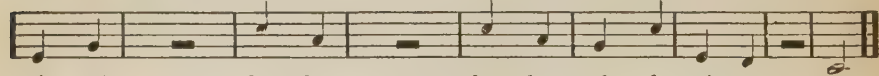
do mi sol mi sol do mi do mi do re mi re do

No. 54.

Explain the long rest (▬)



Do mi sol do fa la sol do la sol mi re do re
Pleas - ant 'tis to spend the day, Sing - ing, talk - ing on our way.

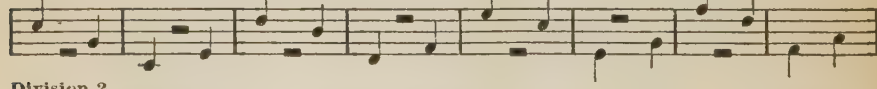


mi sol do la do la sol do mi re do
Sing - ing, talk - ing, Sing - ing talk - ing on our way.

No. 55.

Division 1.

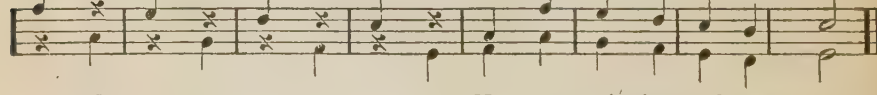
Come sing this song, this song with me.



Division 2.

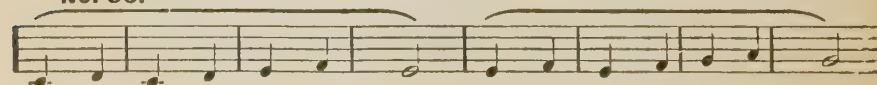
Sing what? What song? Oh no! no, no.

Yes, yes, yes yes, Come let's sing and we'll a - gree.

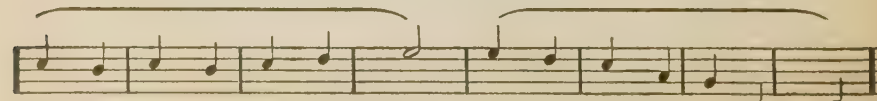


No, no, no, no, No we can't sing and a - gree.

No. 56.



Ah - - - - - - - - - Ah - - - - - - - -
O - - - - - - - - - O - - - - - - -



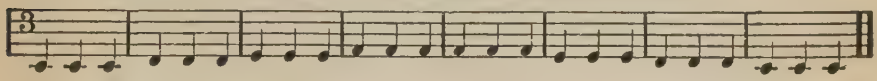
E - - - - - - - - - Oh - - - - - -
Ah - - - - - - - - - Ah - - - - - -

LESSON EIGHT.

The vowels and the attack of the consonants should get special attention after having pursued thus far with *Progressive Studies.* The three consonants, P, T, and K, using words Pen, Ben, Men, Went, Lew, Dew, Lent, Net, Rent, Knew, and Quest. Also sing the scale trilling the R. Review Nos. 50, 52, 54 and 55. Then proceed with the new lesson, and carefully introduce each new point. Be more careful about the pronunciation of the words. A neat attack of the consonants intensifies every emotion. Imperfect speech is not merely due to de ective pronunciation, but in a great m asure in keeping the lower jaw too stiff or moving to one side. No pains should be spared to avoid such habits. Introduce the Chord of Sol.

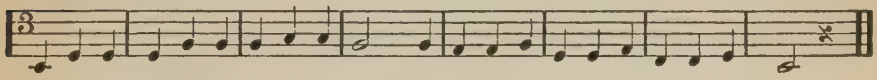
No. 57.

Explain triple measure and the figure 3. Motions of the hand are, down, left, up.



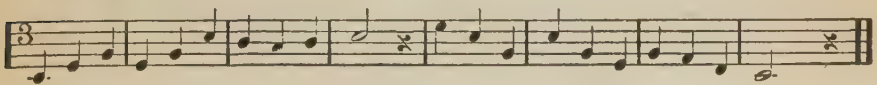
Do do do re re re mi mi mi fa fa fa fa fa fa mi mi mi re re re do do do

No. 58.



Do mi mi mi sol sol sol la la sol sol fa fa sol mi mi fa re re mi do.
Mer - ri - ly, Cher - ri - ly, joy - ful - ly sing, The measure we'll beat while we make the tones ring.

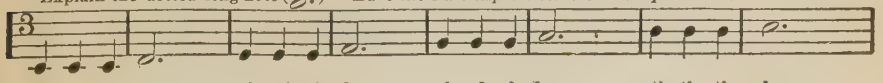
No. 59.



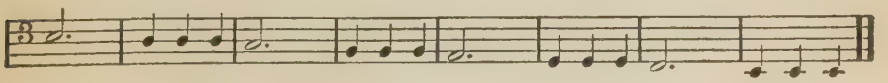
Do mi sol mi sol do ti la ti do mi do sol do sol mi sol fa re do
Gal - lant and gai - ly we're plodding a - long, Happy and merry, come join in our song.

No. 60.

Explain the dotted long note (𝅗𝅥.) Have the class explain some of its equivalents.



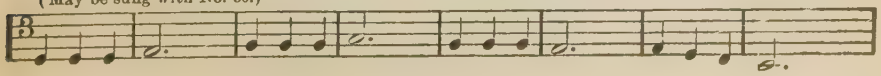
Do do do re mi mi mi fa sol sol sol la ti ti ti do

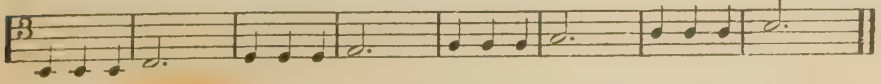


do ti ti ti la sol sol sol fa mi mi mi re do do do

No. 61.

(May be sung with No. 60.)





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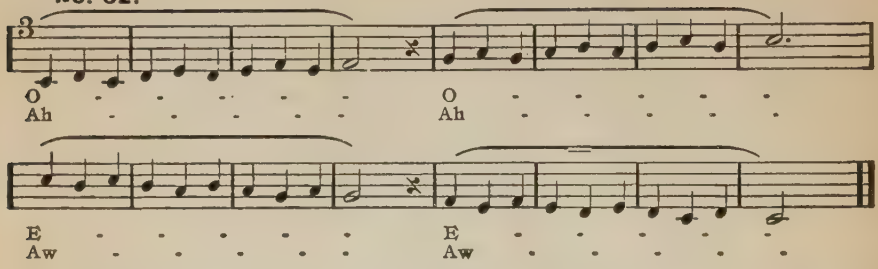
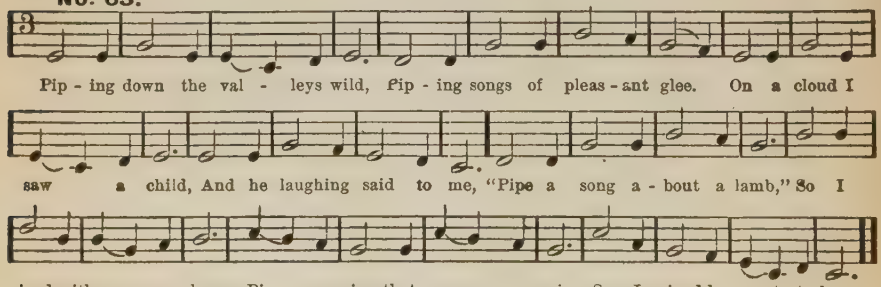


No. 63.

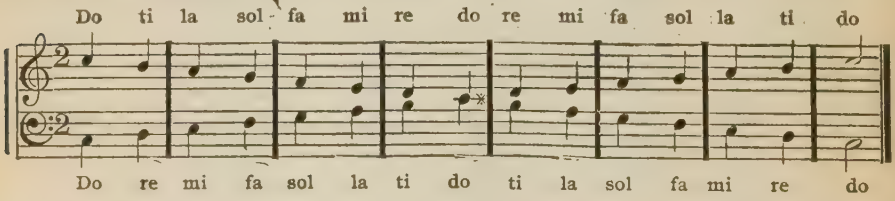


LESSON NINE.

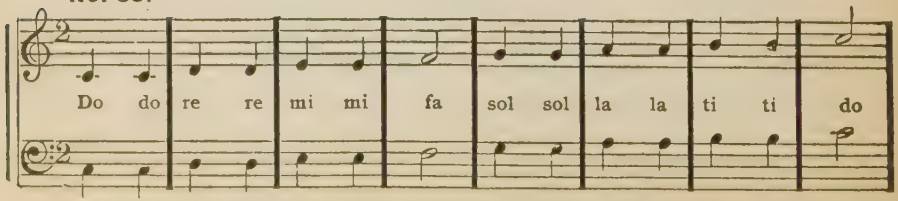
Review the consonants, P, T, and K, and dwell but a few minutes upon the formation of the vowels, O, A, and Ah. A is made with the tongue arched, the tone thrown up against the hard palate or *reception room* of *the voice* and reinforced back against the pharynx and pass out at the mouth. A few minutes' vocal culture at this stage of Progressive Studies, will be very beneficial. Introduce the Chord of La.

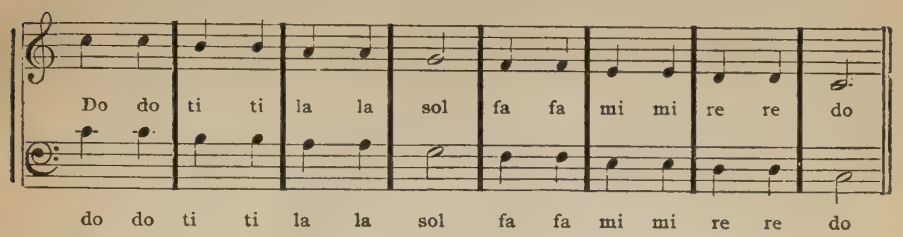
No. 64.

Explain the difference between ladies' voices and gentlemen's voices. The necessity of more staves, soprano and bass clefs, and the brace.

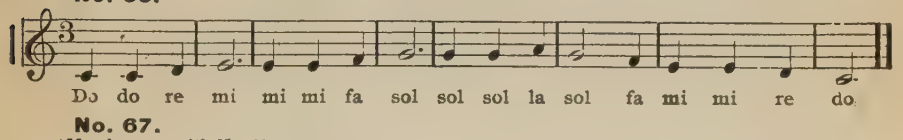


No. 65.

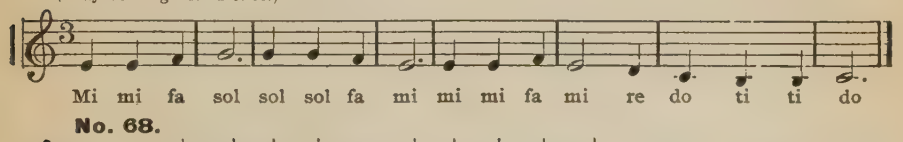




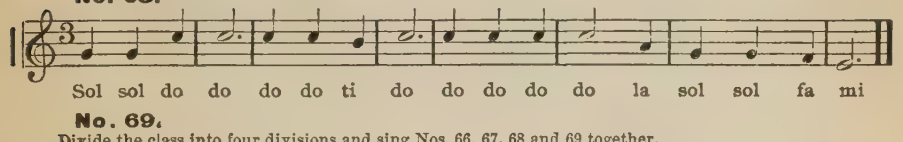
No. 66.



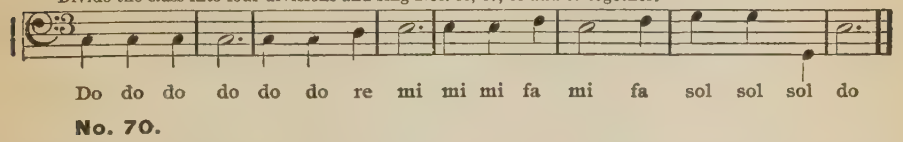
No. 67.
(May be sung with No. 66.)



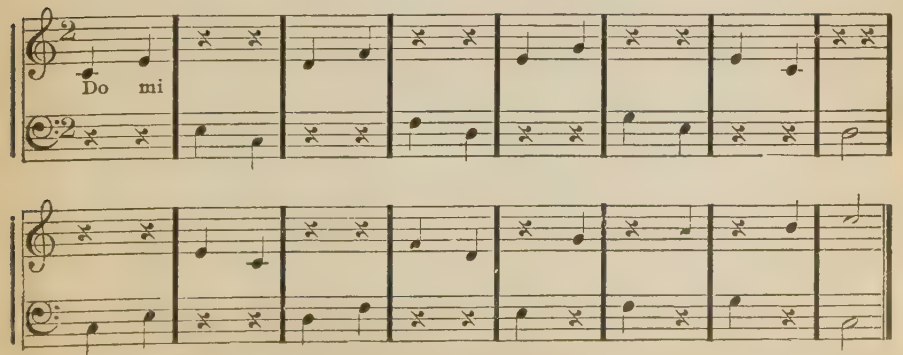
No. 68.



No. 69.
Divide the class into four divisions and sing Nos. 66, 67, 68 and 69 together.



No. 70.



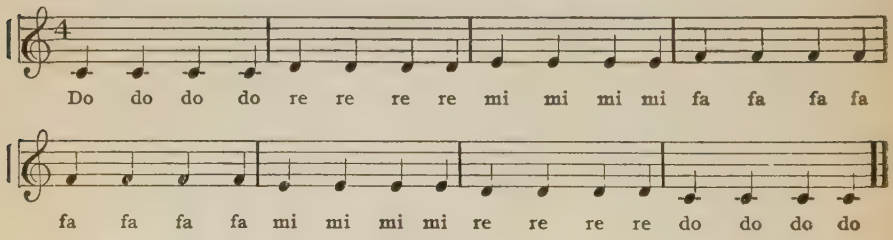
**Central Tone.* The short line below the Soprano Staff and the short line above the Bass Staff indicates the *Great Central Tone.* Ladies can sing as many tones above the *Central Tone* as gentlemen can sing below it.

LESSON TEN.

Review the Vowels and Consonants taught, and sing the scale ascending and descending with the following words: Quano, Questo, Quaver, Quequa. The consonant Q is of great value for such pupils who cannot open their throats. The larger the throat and pharynx, the more resonant the tone will be. The tip of the tongue should be placed against the roots of the lower front teeth for all the vowels. The breath should be taken through the nostrils and not through the mouth. Introduce the Chord of Ti.

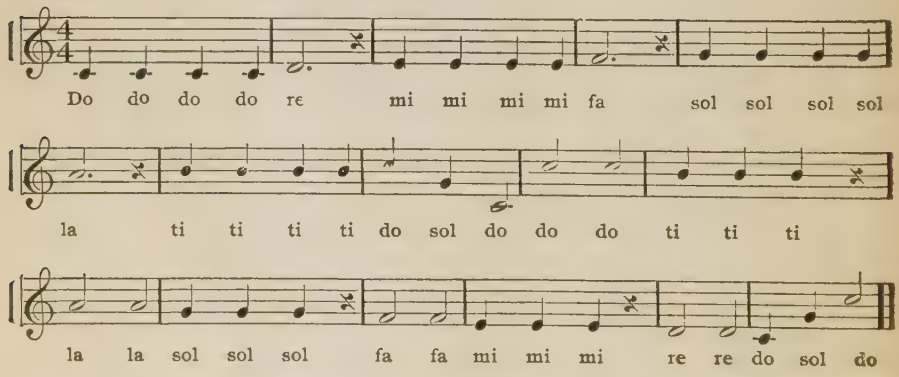
No. 71.

Explain Quadruple measure and the figure 4. Also teach that the motions of the hand are down, left, right, up.

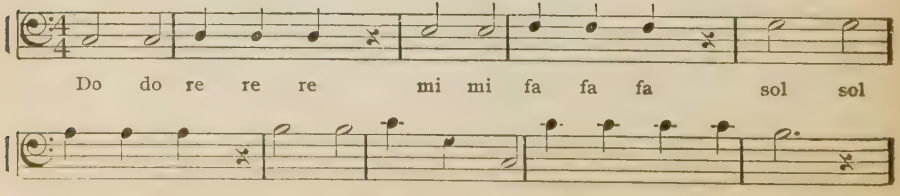


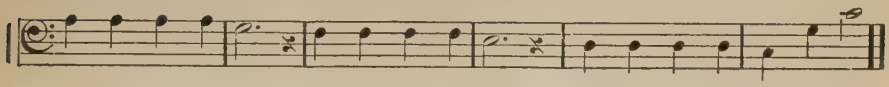
No. 72.

Explain the fraction, numerator and denominator.

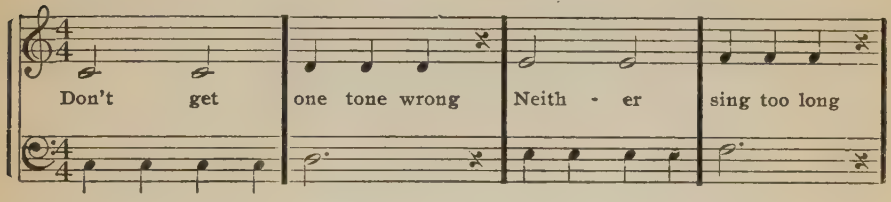


No. 73.

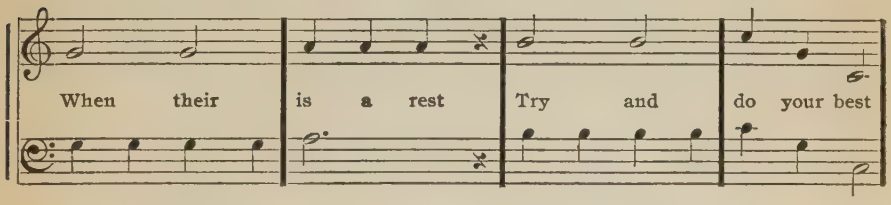




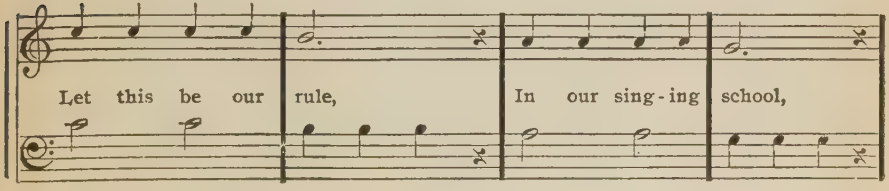
No. 74.



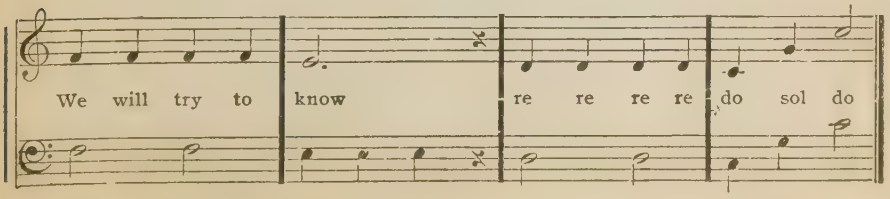
Don't get one tone wrong, Neith - er sing too long.



When there is a rest Try and do your lev - el best.

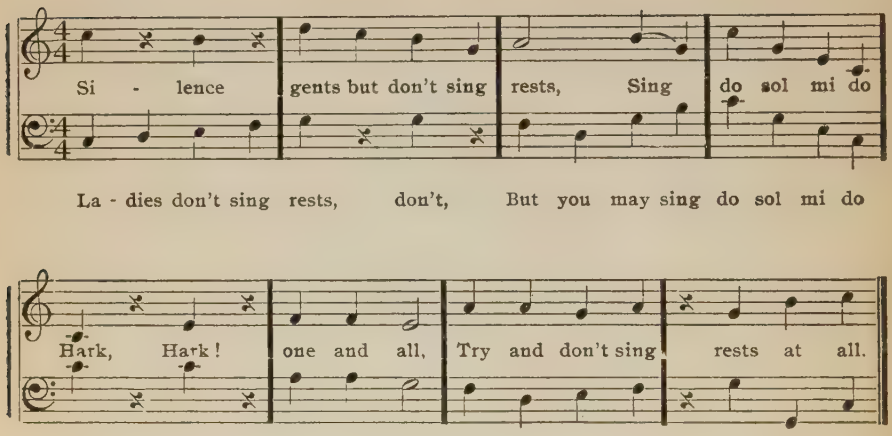


Let this be our rule, In our sing - ing school,



We will try to know re re do sol do

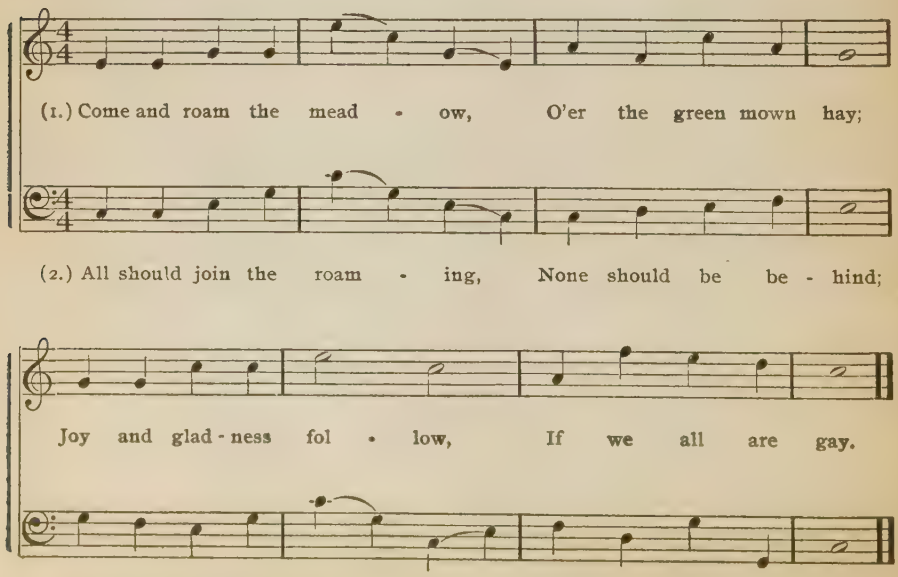
No. 75.



LESSON ELEVEN.

No. 76.

Explain the whole note. Give the permanent names for all the notes thus far learned. Whole, half, dotted half and quarter.



No. 77.

Explain three part singing.

Soprano.

Down the stream of life we glide, Down the stream on we glide;

Alto.

Down the stream of life we glide, Down the stream, on we glide;

Gentlemen,

On - ward, on - ward, side by side, Down life's stream we glide.

On - ward, on - ward, side by side. Down life's stream we glide.

No. 78.

Explain three part singing, with two parts upon one staff.

Soprano.

Alto.

Down the stream of life we glide, down the stream, On we glide;

Gentlemen.

On - ward, on - ward, side by side, down life's stream we glide.

No. 79. MARY.

* * * SOLFEGGIO No. 1, IN THE KEY OF C. * * *

Explain tenor clef and four part singing. Have the class to understand that Do is indicated upon the same degree as with the soprano clef.

Soprano.

Sol sol do la sol sol sol do do mi do ti do ti
1. Now we'll sing in four part song, Learn the meas - ure, don't beat wrong.

Alto.

Mi mi sol fa mi re mi mi mi sol mi re re re
2. All to - geth - er, try a - gain, Lis - ten to the joy - ful strain.

Tenor.

Do do do do do ti do sol sol do sol sol la sol
3. Ver - y well, just try once more, See if some one won't break o'er.

Bass.

Do do mi fa sol sol do do do do do re re sol

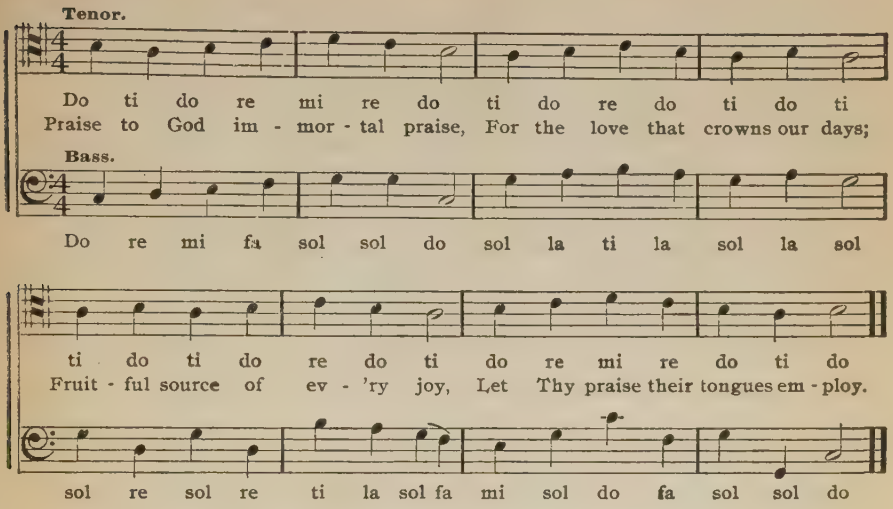
do do do do do la sol sol sol
Look for rests in low - er Brace, treb - le.

mi mi mi sol la fa mi mi mi
None should laugh or make a face, Al - to.

sol sol sol do do do do do do
Sing a rest or lose the place, Ten - or Base

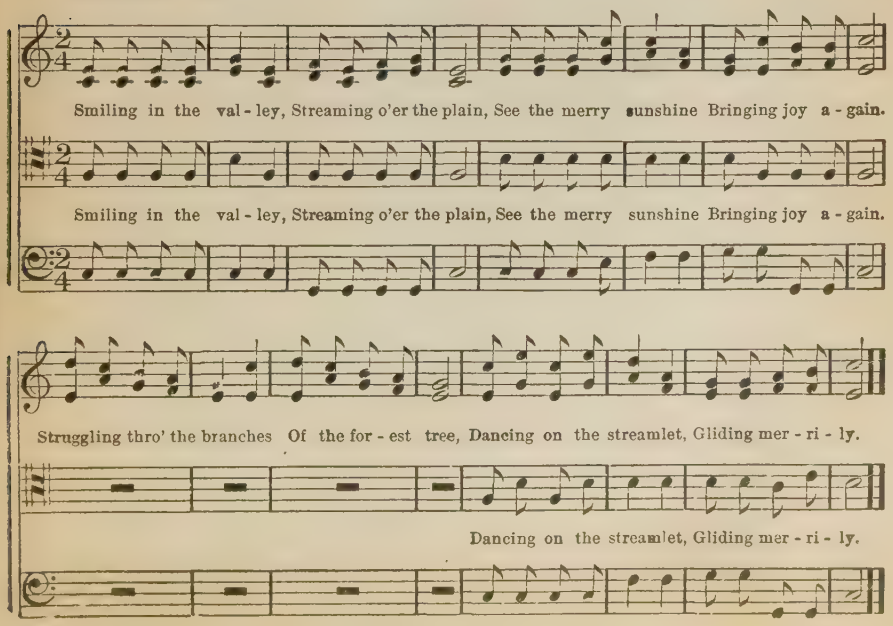
do do do mi fa fa do do

No. 80.



No. 81. SMILING IN THE VALLEY.

Explain Eighth notes. S. G. S.



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